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The Restoration of Property

I. *Preliminaries*

HILAIRE BELLOC

MAN, to live, must transform his environment from a state in which it is less into a state in which it is more useful to himself. This process is called "The Production of Wealth". Moreover, if a man is to live conformably to his nature, there must be available for his consumption a certain amount of wealth, in a certain variety, for a certain unit of time. For instance, in our society, he must have so much bread, so much meat, so much of a number of different foods every day, so much beer or wine or spirits (or, if he be too weak to consume these, so much tea or coffee or what not); a sufficient amount of somewhat complicated clothing, all to last over such and such an amount of time; and a sufficiency of fuel, housing, and all the rest of it, also to last a certain time.

Now this transformation of environment called "The Production of Wealth" is obviously only possible through the use of the instruments of production. A family can only live conformably to its human nature (that is, without undue suffering) in a given civilization on condition that it receives securely and constantly so much of this varied wealth for its consumption. But the wealth can only come into existence through the manipulating of natural forces by certain instruments; and there must also be an existing store of food and clothing and housing and the rest of it so that human beings may carry on during the process of production. These stores of wealth, these instruments, and these natural forces are the "Means of Production".

It is obvious that whoever controls the Means of Production controls the supply of wealth. If therefore the means for the production of that wealth which a family needs are in the control of others than the family, the family will be dependent upon those others; it will not be economically free. The family is ideally free when it fully controls all the means necessary for the production of such wealth as it should consume for normal living. Now such an ideal is inhuman, because man is a social animal. It is not impossible of achievement for a short time, and has been briefly achieved whenever a lonely settler has fixed himself with his family and his stores in an isolated spot. But it is not permanent, and even while it lasts is below the requirements of human nature, stunting and degrading it.

Society being necessary to man, there arise in the economic field these two limitations to economic freedom:

First, that each in a society will concentrate upon what he has the best opportunity for producing and by exchanging his surplus of it for that which another has the best opportunity for producing, will increase the wealth of all: or what comes to the same thing, lessen the burden of labour for all. Thus men live more happily in an agricultural village if there is a miller to grind the wheat instead of every family grinding it under its own roof, and if there is a cobbler to mend and make their boots, and so on. Secondly, there must exist in some form the State—a sufficiently large unit for the development of the arts and the better complexities of life. Its power must be appealed to for the satisfaction of justice and prevention of internal disorder and organization of defence against external aggression. In general it must exercise some restraint upon the ideal economic freedom of the family. But there is a test of the limit after which such restriction of freedom is an evil, and that test lies in the power of the family to react against that which limits its freedom. There must be a human relation between the family and those forces which, whether through the division of labour or the action of the State, restrict its full liberty of choice in action. It must have not only power to complain but power to make its complaint effective.

It has been found in practice (that is, it is discoverable through history) that economic freedom thus somewhat limited satisfies the nature of man, and at the basis of it is the control of the means of production by the family unit. For though the family exchange its surplus, or even all its production, for the surplus of others, yet it retains its freedom. The freehold miller, though he has no arable or pasture, is a free man. The yeoman, though he gets his flour from the miller, is a free man.

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The name for a control of the Means of Production is "Property". It has been found in practice, and the truth is witnessed to by the instincts in all of us, that property as a condition of freedom is necessary to the normal well-being of human life.

Today in England and the United States property in this sense has been lost. Ownership is not a general feature of our society, determining its character. On the contrary, absence of ownership, dependence on a precarious wage at the will of others, is the general feature of our society and determines its character.

The family does not possess that freedom which is necessary for its full moral health and that of the State of which it is the unit. Hence our society has fallen into the diseased condition known as "Industrial Capitalism". In this state the control of the Means of Production is vested in a comparatively small number; consequently economic freedom has ceased to be a determining note, giving its tone to society.

"Capitalism" does not mean a state of society in which capital has been accumulated, its accumulation protected, and itself put to use in producing wealth. Capital so accumulated, protected, and used must so exist in any human society whatsoever, even a Communist one. Nor does "Capitalism" mean a state of society in which capital is owned as private property by the citizens. On the contrary, such a society of free owners is the opposite of Capitalism. I use the term "Capitalism" here to mean a state of society in which a minority control the means of production, leaving the mass of the citizens dispossessed.

Industrial Capitalism has in its present phase other grave evils attached to it besides the loss of freedom, for the evils of Insecurity and Insufficiency are attached to it. But those two evils might be eliminated and yet economic freedom be absent from the mass of society. There are two ways in which they could be eliminated without the restoration of freedom.

The first way is through that which I have called elsewhere "The Servile State". In this form of society the minority controlling the means of production supports all the dispossessed, even those whom it does not use in exploitation, and thus forms a stable society though one from which freedom is eliminated. The second way is Communism—of its nature unstable but practicable at a heavy strain though, presumably, for only a comparatively short space of time. Under that second system the means of production are controlled by the officers of the State and the wealth produced is distributed, at their discretion, among the families, or, if an attempt be made to abolish even the family, then among the individuals of the community.

There is a third form of society, and it is the only one in which sufficiency and security can be combined with freedom, and that form is a society in which property is well distributed and so large a proportion of the families of the State severally *own* and therefore control the Means of Production as to determine the general tone of society, making it neither Capitalist nor Communist, but Proprietary. If, then, we regard economic freedom as a good, our object must be thus to restore property. We must seek political and economic reforms which shall tend to distribute property more and more widely until the owners of sufficient Means of Production (land or capital or both) are numerous enough to determine the character of society.

But is economic freedom a good?

Unless we regard it as a good the search for methods by which property may be restored is futile or harmful. Indeed, as we shall see in a moment, unless a sufficient number of our fellow-citizens feel it with a sufficient degree of intensity to be a good, economic freedom (that is, Property) can never be restored.

So it behoves us at the outset to consider this question, whether or no economic freedom be a good.

Economic freedom can only be a good if it fulfils some need in our nature.

Now there is discoverable in man Free Will. His actions are of moral value to him if they are undertaken upon his own initiative; not if they are undertaken under compulsion. Therefore the use of choice is necessary to human dignity. A man deprived of choice is by that the less a man, and this we all show through the repugnance excited in us by unauthorized restraint and subjection through coercion as contrasted with authority freely given to an external will. We cannot do good, or even evil, unless we do it freely. And if we admit the idea of good at all in human society, freedom must be its accompaniment.

Next, economic freedom is a good because man's actions are multiple, both his desires and his creative faculties; but it is only in the possession of economic freedom that this multiplicity can be effective. Deprived of economic freedom the units of society, the family and in some degree the individual, lack the power to express that diversity which is life. In the absence of economic freedom there must weigh upon any human society a dead and mechanical uniformity, increasingly leaden, and heavy, and stifling in proportion to the absence of freedom.

To all this two answers may be given by those who dread the restoration of property, or those who regard it as impossible.

First it may be said that men have economic freedom under State ownership. Secondly, it may be said that economic freedom, though a good, is of no moment in comparison with material satisfaction.

As to the first answer. It has been widely said in the recent past that economic freedom can exist without the institution of property, because, under a Communist system, men own though they own corporately; and can dispose of their own lives, though such disposition be indirect and through delegates. This false argument is born of the dying Parliamentary theory in politics; it proceeds from the false statement which deceived three generations of Europe, from the great French Revolution to our own day, that corporate action may be identified with individual action. So men speak of their so-called political "Representatives" as having been "chosen" by themselves. But in experienced reality there is no such thing as this imagined permanent corporate action through delegation. On some very simple universal point which all understand and in which all are interested and on which all feel strongly you may have the desire of the bulk of people expressed through delegation; but the innumerable acts of choice and expression which make up human life can never work through a system of delegation. Even in the comparatively simple field of mere political action, delegation destroys freedom.

Parliaments prove irreconcilable with democracy. They are not the people. They are oligarchies, and those oligarchies are corrupt because they pretend to a false character and to be, or to mirror, the nation.

If this be true of mere politics it is obviously true of that millioned affair, our daily lives. Ownership by delegation is a contradiction in terms.

When men say for instance (by a false metaphor) that each member of the public should feel himself an owner of public property—such as a Town Park—and should therefore respect it as his own, they are saying something which all our experience proves to be completely false. No man feels of public property that it is his own; no man will treat it with the care or the affection of a thing which is his own; still less can a man express himself through the use of a thing which is not his own, but shared in common with a mass of others.

As to the second answer. It is said by many today that the satisfaction of man's immediate material necessities is on a different and infinitely more important plane than the satisfaction of his need for freedom. Economic freedom, if indeed it be a good at all, is (they say) a good of a much lesser sort, intangible, and something which men can well do without; therefore, since the enjoyment of it imperils the obtaining of material necessities, it must give way to that much greater good.

There is in this reply a measure of truth which gives it all its strength. It is half true; but the falsehood attached to the half truth vitiates the whole statement.

Where urgent material necessities are unsatisfied they must be satisfied first. Shipwrecked men on a raft at sea must live, exceptionally, under Communism. The dispossessed in a Capitalist society must at least be kept alive. But it is not true that, such exceptional remedies for an unnatural evil having been used, we must go on to destroy the good of economic freedom for the advantage of still more material wealth.

This last argument is one of the many which we find in common to those who defend the Capitalist system and those who defend the Communist system; for Socialism and Capitalism are twin successive products of the same false philosophy. The defenders of Capitalism tell us that it may have destroyed men's economic freedom; under Capitalism a man can less and less choose what he wants nor express his personality and character in the arts, but at least Capitalism has given him in far greater numbers a far greater mass of material goods than he had before it arose. The Communist goes one better. He says: "Yes; and under *my* system by suppressing economic freedom altogether we shall give him yet more material goods, and we shall see that everybody gets them in almost unlimited amount."

If it were indeed true that economic freedom could not coexist with a great deal of production, and still less with a sufficient distribution, then would it yet be worth while to sacrifice some portion of the material good, and, still more, to permit inequality in distribution, for the sake of the economic freedom. But the truth is, as we shall see later on, that the supposed conflict between freedom and abundance, between freedom and a general enjoyment of that abundance, is an illusion born of Capitalism. It is an illusion which arises from the fact that the men who cherish it have so lived under a Capitalist system all their lives that they can conceive of no alternative save a further development of it into Communism.

Economic Freedom is a good, it is among the highest of temporal goods, because it is necessary to the highest life of society through the dignity of man and through the multiplicity of his action, in which multiplicity is life. Through it alone can the units of society react upon the State. Through it alone can a public opinion flourish. Only where the bulk of the cells are healthy can the whole organism thrive. It is therefore our business to restore economic freedom through the restoration of the only institution under which it flourishes, which institution is Property. The problem before us is, how to restore Property so that it shall be, as it was not so long ago, a general institution.

Three provisos must be kept clearly in mind before we approach the problem and attempt its practical solution.

The first proviso is that in the restoration of Property we are not attempting, and could never reach, a mechanical perfection. We are only attempting to change the general tone of society and restore property as a commonly present, not a universal, institution.

The second proviso is that we cannot even begin such a reform unless there is a favourable state of mind present in society, a desire to own property, sufficient to support and maintain the movement and to nourish institutions which will make it permanent.

The third proviso is that in this attempt to restore Economic Freedom the powers of the State, which are often unreasonably contrasted with Economic Freedom, must be invoked.

The first proviso is, I say, that, unlike the Servile State and unlike the Communist State, the Proprietary State does not present an ideal solution. There can be no perfection about it, it must remain incomplete; nor could there be a better proof that the attempt is a human one, consonant to human nature.

To establish the Servile State one has but to follow certain lines which lead rapidly to an ideal conclusion; the same is true with regard to the Communist State. A simple formula and its exact application will, in each case, produce the ideal society envisaged.

In the first case all that is needed to produce the complete Servile State is a series of laws whereby every family—or every individual, if the family be eliminated—shall receive at least so much wealth as will maintain a certain standard of comfort and leisure; this minimum being provided for the dispossessed out of the stores controlled by the possessors. It will be distributed either in the form of wages, that is, the granting to the dispossessed by the possessors of some portion of the wealth which the dispossessed are producing by leave of the possessors; *or*, in the case of those who cannot be so employed, of relief during their enforced idleness.

This is the simple ideal of society to which we, in modern England and America, are advancing with great rapidity; indeed we have almost reached it.

The possessors alone remain enjoying Economic Freedom, the dispossessed—the very great majority—are deprived of it; but there is already at least security of *some* revenue for nearly all, and there can, with proper organization, be sufficiency for all as well. The only good lost to the masses, if it be a good, is freedom. For in such a state of society (the Servile State) the determining note is lack of freedom: the determining mass of society have no experience of economic liberty. The master class directs and is free: but society thinks and acts in terms of wage-earners. The masses are kept alive, they are taught in childhood, treated in illness; soon no one of them may be suffering either hunger or cold or lack of any plain material necessity consonant to the type of civilization in which they live. But their activities are at the mercy of their masters.

Under the Communist scheme the matter is simpler still. It being made an offence for any man to own, all right to the use of accumulation by a family or an individual being destroyed, and all right of inheritance being also destroyed, the whole produce of the community is available for distribution to all. And Economic Freedom has disappeared for all through the action of a very few simple but absolute coercive laws.

The formulæ of the two schemes have been put in the past very well by Mr. Orage, in words which appeared some twenty years ago in *The New Age*. I have not the exact phrases by me, but their sense is as follows:

> Imagine a condition of affairs in which one machine is capable of producing all that society requires. Let that machine (and the natural forces) be under the control of one man. He is then the Capitalist of an ideally perfect Industrial Capitalist System. He will employ directly in industry as many men as may be required to work the machine. They will receive sustenance in the form of wages. He will also employ sundry other men, not di-

rectly in producing wealth with the machine, but ministering his enjoyment; they may paint for him, print books for him, act plays for him, supply his domestic wants, and so forth. The rest will be unemployed. But as society would never be stable if the rest were to be condemned to death by starvation, laws will appear which demand by taxation, or customs will appear which demand by voluntary organization, so much of the produce of the machine as is necessary to support the unemployed. But these will not have the determining of what they are to receive, for they are not possessors. Their subsistence is doled out to them without their having discretion in the matter. And that is the Servile State. Or imagine the machine, and the material forces to which it is to be applied, controlled, not by one possessor, the Capitalist, but by the officers of the community, who shall at their discretion employ or dole out to each from the production of the machine, *then* you have the Communist State.

But the Proprietary State, the state of society such as our ancestors enjoyed, in which property is well distributed, does not admit of this simplicity, nor, being human, of this mechanical perfection. Property being a personal and human institution normal to man will always be and must be diversified. There is no advantage, moral or social, in land and capital being exactly distributed, and there is no possibility of their being universally distributed. It would suffice for the health of the State through the Restoration of Property if, at the end of the reforming process, so many families were found possessed of property (in a sufficient amount) as to give their tone to the State; just as today the wage-earner and salary-earner, the proletarians of every grade, give *their* proletarian tone to the State. The proletarians today vary in the degree of their dispossession, some have only the clothes they stand in, others a little furniture as well, others some further small insufficient accumulation—a few shares, or a mortgaged house, or what not—but the note which they strike, the character which they impress upon society, is that of a wage-earning State rapidly turning into a Servile State.

But whereas the Servile State to which we are now tending can be complete, the Proprietary (or Distributist) State neither can nor should be complete; for it cannot of its nature be mechanical. There will be many comparatively poor, and some comparatively rich. There will presumably be a proportion of dispossessed. But Property, and its accompaniment, Economic Freedom, will be the mark of society as a whole.

The second proviso, that we can do nothing unless there is a state of mind favourable to us, may seem to make the whole effort futile. The state of society in which we are now living in England and the United States has largely forgotten what property is. Men talk in terms of employment and wages. When they talk of ownership the word calls up in their minds the ownership of large property by a few. Whether there remains today a desire for economic freedom, that is, for property, *sufficient* to nourish the beginnings of a change, nothing but experiment can decide. Increase of revenue, not ownership, is the object of most men. Ownership is certainly not the object of *most* men: if it were, there would have been successful protest long ago against the wage-earning system.

As we all know, there was some confused protest at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution and throughout its earlier stages; there was violence used to try to prevent the enclosure of the commons and there were riots against the new machines. But that was a long time ago. Take the process as a whole, from the first great confiscation under the Statute of Frauds in the seventeenth century when a mass of small yeomen were dispossessed, follow it on to the mid-nineteenth century, and you do not find at any stage a clear determination to maintain well-divided property nor even a widespread instinct in its favour. It was because such a spirit was lacking that Capitalism came upon us. In countries where that spirit was present, though Capitalism has also taken root there, it has never flourished in the same way, it has always been handicapped.

But though the appetite for private property has weakened, though it is not present as yet in the mass of the wage-earning population, its relics may prove, if the first experiments can be undertaken, sufficiently vital to leaven the whole body of society gradually. It may be possible to "re-plant" property, just as one can re-afforest a piece of bare ground by taking advantage of exceptional patches, establishing the new growth there, sheltering its beginnings, and leaving it to propagate itself when it shall have sufficient strength. Only, what we must not trust to is the mere machinery of reform. Of its nature property is the product of a human desire: we can help on that desire to achieve its fulfilment, but we cannot create it. We cannot make owners by merely giving men something to own. And, I repeat, whether there be sufficient desire for property left upon which we can work or no, only experience can decide.

The third proviso, that we must call in the State to help us, should present no difficulties save to minds misled by the false categories of the nineteenth century—by such terms as "Individualism" which never did or could correspond to any reality. The evil from which we are suffering today is not the evil of State-interference but the evil of the loss of Freedom. State-interference may have for its effect a loss of Freedom and certainly usually has for its object the loss of Freedom, but it always may be and very often must be invoked for the very purpose of restoring Freedom. There must be laws to protect property not only against direct rapine but against dissolution through certain forms of competition. There must be State sanction for the powers of the Guild, for the process of Inheritance, for the restriction of undue burdens. There must be some official machinery for fostering the propagation of small property just as there is official machinery today fostering the destruction of small, widespread property by large owners: and the effort at restoring property will certainly fail if it is hampered by any superstition against the use of force as the handmaid of justice. All the powers of the State have been invoked by Capitalism to restore servile conditions; we shall not react against servile conditions unless we avail ourselves of the same methods.*

* To be continued.

Profits and Losses

In the Life of Joel Chandler Harris

JOHN DONALD WADE

As a youngster, Joel Chandler Harris was hard-favoured both in appearance and in circumstance. His mother was of a good family (she was born *Harris*), and she proved to be an excellent woman, but in 1848, without conventional reasons she had left her home in a neighbouring community and come, insolvent, to live in Eatonton. Her mother and her quite new son, Joel—both empty handed—arrived that winter almost simultaneously to keep her company.

Joel grew up slight, short, and red-headed—in a day when red hair was not esteemed. He stuttered and he was very shy and very poor. Yet in that town, a sort of capital of Virginia emigrés, he does not seem to have felt himself oppressed. At school, where a benevolent neighbour paid his tuition, he was bright but not studious, bending his energy as boys' energy is bent normally.

The Georgia county of which Eatonton is capital had in 1850 something over ten thousand people, three-fourths of whom were slaves. The lands were already sadly exhausted, but commercial fertilizers were being introduced, and a cotton factory had been built to employ a hundred labourers. People knew there that the entire system of slavery was being violently assailed the world over, but they remembered the prowess in Washington of Mr. Cobb and Mr.

Stephens and Mr. Toombs and thought it unlikely that those gentlemen would let anything happen to Georgia's disadvantage.

There were many people of Northern birth living in Georgia—notably more than in any other Southern state—and they, one noted, tended readily to fall in with Southern ways, abandoning their school-teaching and their merchandizing as soon as they found money enough to buy land and slaves. Occasionally one met the contention that Yankees were universally a bad lot; one prominent and wealthy planter had long gone unshaved, and would remain so, he said, till Georgia seceded from the accursed Union once and for all. Ordinary citizens were incapable of such definite conviction; and besides, American anti-monarchist as they were, they believed that there was one king remaining whom Divinity still definitely sponsored: namely, cotton. Even New Englanders would have more discretion than to deal with that King too lightly. On the whole one found one's self more scandalized over the new-fangledness of the Governor, in banning wine from his table, than over the goings-on of W. L. Garrison.

For all young Joe Harris could tell, he was in as stable a world as ever turned. From time to time one heard murmurs of the possibility of a great slave insurrection; but the negroes Joe knew were kindly—the women fetched out cakes for him and the men took him hunting—and above all, there was the statement about racial antagonisms made by an important man in Eatonton. People who are kind to their negroes, this man had been accustomed to say, have no cause ever to be afraid of them.

Joe had no reason to suspect the weakness of that dictum as a solution, and the fact that it was considered a solution is itself interesting. In his innocence the gentleman who promulgated it could not conceive that he might suffer at the hands of someone *else's* slaves —whom, manifestly, he could never have injured. The fact that an individual might identify himself so thoroughly with one class (or race) as to condemn and hate all individuals in another class (or race) seemed to him preposterous. He did not himself do that for the white race, and he could not believe any human creature steeped, that far, in perversion.

The essential gathering of Joe's boyhood, then, concerning human relationships, was that if people make other people love them the world will somehow hold together. All this was instinctive with him, and his experience had strengthened his instinct. He knew it so well that he was hardly conscious of it as a conviction. That is why it governed him wholly, and why also at the age of thirteen, it did not keep him from going to the village post-office and reading news out of other people's newspapers. While he was there, one day, he saw a batch of papers that was unfamiliar to him—the first edition of *The Countryman*, published by Mr. Joseph Addison Turner, on his plantation eleven miles from Eatonton. Mr. Turner advertised that he wanted a young fellow to learn printing and to help him with *The Countryman* and to live during the process at *his* house. That was Joe's opportunity. He took it.

Mr. Turner with his brother owned a large plantation, Turnwold, and many negroes, and a hat factory, and two pretentious houses stocked with a well-selected library of about four thousand volumes. He had been a member of the Georgia legislature, and his brother had written a novel, *Jack Hopeton*, which had appeared first serially in the *Southern Field and Fireside* (Augusta) and later in book form in New York. He thought that lawyers were a curse, and that the great trouble with the South was that too great a proportion of its best minds went into politics. In that field they did as well as people from other sections, but concessions won by them for their districts could not hold unless the people at large in those districts developed a well-rounded civilization and so justified the concessions.

Personally, Mr. Turner was an original. He proved himself conventional in part by consciously lowering the tone of his paper, after a while, to increase his subscription list, but he refused to compromise himself by taking into Eatonton for sale the hats made at his plantation factory. He had the hats, all right—fine beavers, wool hats, rabbit, and mixed hats, but whoever wanted one could come to his plantation for it if he wanted it keenly enough. "I am not going to turn peddler", he warned in his paper, "and haul hats backward and forwards to Eatonton. You have already imposed too much upon my good nature. *Quousque, tandem, abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra.*"

He was persistently a sort of grandee. "It is entirely foreign to the nature of a gentleman", he wrote once in his paper, "to advertise himself or to drum for subscribers. I have got my consent to advertise, but to drum, never! I could not under any circumstances ask men to subscribe for my paper. It is not genteel to do so."

The time Harris spent with the Turners (from the time he was thirteen until he was seventeen) and in their library and with their negro slaves, was fateful. Fateful for the country, of course: those were the years of the War; but fateful also for the youthful Harris—he left them knowing that he was going to be a writer; and no bombastic writer either, but one, he thought, like Mr. Goldsmith.

After leaving Turnwold, Harris worked for a while with the *Macon Telegraph*, and with the *Crescent Monthly* in New Orleans. "Nursing a novel in his brain", he returned to Georgia at nineteen (1867) and took a position in Forsyth on the *Monroe Advertiser*. Here he knew a town character, an old negro called Uncle Remus, but that was incidental. His main interest was in his newspaper work, particularly in the bright, incisive little comments he stuck here and there between articles of more length and seriousness.

Those paragraphs made a name for him, and in 1870 he went to work in Savannah, at what seemed to him the handsome salary of forty dollars a week. His new job was with the *Savannah Morning News*, edited by Colonel W. T. Thompson, himself a humourist of considerable fame in the forties and fifties. An upcountry bumpkin of twenty-two, stunted and pale, Harris did not seem prepossessing to his colleagues on that prime daily of the state in that serene, coastal capital. Was the critter Colonel Thompson had brought in, they wished to know, human or not human—had he been caught in a fish trap or in a net?

But his clever paragraphs palliated them—for example: "The coloured people of Macon celebrated the birthday of Lincoln again on Wednesday. This is the third time since October"; "There will have to be another amendment to the civil rights bill. A negro boy in Covington was attacked by a sow lately and narrowly escaped with his life. We will hear next that the sheep have banded together to mangle the downtrodden race."

In 1873 Harris was married to Esthel La Rose, daughter of a French Canadian who owned shipping interests in Savannah and who lived there part of each year. She was a Catholic, and a very lovely and lovely-looking girl. His life with her then, and until his death, was romantically happy, and it was on account of her safety and that of their two children that he fled from Savannah in the yellow fever epidemic of 1876, and went to Atlanta. In the midst of that grimness Harris, gilded by his glittering era and too thoroughly a good newspaper wit, *would* have his joke. He registered at the Kimball House: "J. C. Harris, one wife, two bow-legged children, and a bilious nurse."

Coming from Savannah to Atlanta in 1876 meant a great deal. It meant Chicago instead of New Orleans, railways instead of river-traffic, Henry Grady instead of Colonel Thompson, Chester A. Arthur instead of Thomas Jefferson. It would not mean that Harris's pithy comments, which had already made him one of the best known editors in the state, must be stifled. It would mean that he would hardly again, as he had vigorously done in Savannah, oppose a national collusion of Southern Democrats and Liberal Northern Republicans such as the one that had furthered Horace Greeley.

The flight from Savannah had been temporary, but the desolation after the plague there made it impossible for the *News* to pay as liberally as it had done formerly, and Harris settled in Atlanta, with Evan P. Howell and Henry Grady on the *Atlanta Constitution*. Howell was at the time in his late thirties, Harris twenty-eight, Grady twenty-six. The men and the occasion had met, and the *Constitution* under them became perhaps the most influential journalistic force so far seen in the South.

Sitting round his camp after Appomattox, L. Q. C. Lamar, that Georgia-bred Mississippian, had heard despondent talk, indeed, from his fellow officers. Many of them planned to abandon the South–some to go North, some to quit America entirely. Even Jackson's chaplain, the Reverend Richard L. Dabney, was of that mind. Let the geographic South be abandoned, he urged, but let the spiritual South at all hazards be perpetuated–and the way to do that was to effect a wholesale migration of Southern people to Brazil. Lamar spoke very nobly then against all such doctrine –the Dabney talk was visionary–and as for abandoning the South, he would not do that; he had helped involve it in its difficulties, and he felt himself impelled to help extricate it. Not everybody took that exalted attitude. Pickings were better North, people told themselves, and North they went, some to blot out whatever Southern implications they retained (until those implications became fashionable in the next generation), and others to recoup themselves there in hope of returning later–exiled for the moment by poverty. A number of people went from Georgia, most notably the authors Richard Malcolm Johnston and Sidney Lanier. ("You are all so alive up there, and we are all so dead down here," Lanier had written to a Northern friend.) Harris himself had considered going, though he should with regret, he said, give up ruralizing.

But at last the South seemed to be taking hold again, and Atlanta was reaping the rewards of the New Order, if any Southern city was. It had been burned, but it was finer now than before (witness that bright jewel, the Kimball House), and it was natural for the beneficiaries of the New Order to formulate their thesis. This thesis was a mixed one, and so, likely to fare far. It was that Southern men before 1860 were the finest men ever seen anywhere, but unfortunately quite wrong in all their conceptions except that of private virtue—which they really need not have worried about since *that*, somehow, could be trusted to look out for itself. That was its thesis. Its program was, while speaking reverently, always, of the past, to repudiate that past as rapidly as ever one might—with one exception, that the nigger be kept to his place. That was a rock that was to bottle many bays, but somehow the New Order planned to over-leap it. The plan seemed logical, and promised wealth and strength for the hallowed Southland. It met with response in places beyond Georgia's borders, even in New York.

In Georgia, perhaps, it had more resounding names to sponsor it or to seem to sponsor it than it had elsewhere. There were General Longstreet, Governor Brown, Alex Stephens (vaguely), and Benjamin H. Hill. In Congress Lamar had furthered conciliation by his eloquent eulogy on Sumner and, if one were of a disposition to take poets seriously, one might consider young Sidney Lanier, at that time writing for the Philadelphia Exposition poetry that was full of talk about the sacredness of the Union.

The pulpit, too, had its influence. For the grave-minded Bishop Atticus Haygood argued persuasively that without *any* progress, one achieves nothing better than extinction. "If you can't fly," he quoted from an early idol of his, without a full recognition of spiritual implications, "run; if you can't run, walk; if you can't walk, crawl; if you can't crawl, worm it along." And for the less grave-minded, the Reverend Sam Jones epigrammatized the new and increasingly general sentiment. "I am tired", he said, "of singing always *The Sweet Bye and Bye*; let's sing *The Sweet Now and Now* for a spell."

"Worm it along," Bishop Haygood had said. Well, many did, and many would, and many do—just how nearly literally the good Bishop probably did not know. Hardly anybody knew—least of all Grady and Harris. America was a very phenomenal thing however one looked at it; fortunes had grown here at a rate unprecedented in History, and generally, one held, as a work of God's favour. Surely one could not doubt the extension of that favour to a man who, like Commodore Vanderbilt, had given under the auspices of a Methodist Bishop, a round million dollars for Southern education.

An occasional Jeremiah uttered doleful prophecies. As late (or might one better say *as early*?) as 1891, Colonel C. C. Jones of Augusta set his mind forth about the matter in one impassioned sentence. "Under the absurd guise of a new South," he thundered, "flaunting the banners of utilitarianism, lifting the standards of speculation and expediency, elevating the colours whereon are emblazoned consolidation of wealth and centralization of government, lowering the flag of intellectual, moral, and refined supremacy in the presence of the petty guidons of ignorance, personal ambition, and diabolism, supplanting the iron cross with the golden calf, and crooking

> . . . the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning,

not a few there are who, ignoring the elevating influence of heroic impulses, manly endeavour, and virtuous sentiments, would fain convert this region into a money-worshipping domain; and, careless of the landmarks of the fathers, impatient of the restraints of a calm, enlightened, conservative civilization, viewing with indifferent eye the tokens of Confederate valour, and slighting the graves of Confederate dead, would counsel no oblation save at the shrine of Mammon."

But sentiments like this were vain in that day; the very axis of the world inclined otherwise. People in general did not recognize how widely large-scale corruption was diffused. The sinister aspects of urbanization, the sundering of actual human relationships in corporate industry, were beyond their imagination. For Harris, cheerfulness was in the air, youth was in his heart, Henry Grady in his office.

But the *Constitution* staff was not blind. Grady spoke and Harris wrote through those years (both through their respectable Democracy—no populists they) with as much clarity and force as ever Tom Watson did against the abuses of their time. In their romantic bravado they could not believe that any system could persist in its unethical phases despite the concerted will of human beings. In their simple loftiness of spirit they could not believe that human beings, once aware of an unethical manifestation, would fail to exercise their concerted will to crush that manifestation. They placed the blame, then, on certain developments of the industrial order in the North; but they thought those malign developments not inherent in industrialism, and they invited industrialism South, feeling that here all that was evil would be extirpated. Given good men, no system can behave badly in their hands.

It is a doctrine that to this day has its forceful advocates. And Grady (and Harris with him) did want to see the South strong—strong, strong—and swift. If he had a hundred thousand immigrants to bring to Georgia, Grady said, and he wished he had, he would send five thousand to Atlanta, twenty thousand to the farms, and seventy-five thousand to the factories. He looked forward to the time when no Georgia river could reach the sea without turning in its progress ten thousand spindles—"for look you, in my lifetime I shall see our country with a hundred and fifty million people."

From 1886, when he made his famous speech in New York, till his death in 1889, Grady was one of the most prominent figures in America. When he died, great men sent messages and poets poetized and divines moralized and many simple people who had not seen him, wept. His friends in Atlanta put forth as a memorial to him a substantial volume containing a great part of his writings, and some other material ranging from a commendatory notice of the *Constitution*, through many testimonials of Grady's virtue, to a memorial sermon in which the Reverend DeWitt

Talmadge argues that though great, a man may be a Christian. The biographical sketch in this volume was Harris's.

Clearly, it seemed to Harris that one of the major luminaries of time had suddenly gone out. "From that time," he says, speaking of Grady's first appearance in New York, "he knew that his real mission was that of Pacificator. There was a change in him from that day forth. He put away something of his boyishness; his purpose developed into a mission." But the King was dead, now, and Harris must have known, in spite of his sincere and perpetual modesty, that the King of *all that*, in Georgia, now, was himself. And he was not made for kingship; his mind was full, always, of modifications.

A modern historian inquiring how it was that Southern leaders were so intent to effect the grand Reconciliation, will doubtless prove before long that they were actuated by economic motives. And he can sustain his case by specific reference to Grady's speeches. A fact one can sustain also, but more by general acquaintance with Grady than by reference to isolated statements of his, is that he wanted reconciliation because he was a generous and lovable human being who winced always under any manifestation of surliness.

That was Harris's case also. He could swear well that in his heart he was not surly, for instance, about the Negro, and he knew hardly anybody else who was surly on that score. It provoked him to observe the constant clamour in Northern newspapers about his and his friends' being governed wholly by impulses which they indeed rarely recognized. He believed that those imputations were founded in an evil passion that had in all conscience lived past its just day, but he thought the accusers sincere, if ignorant, in fact, of what motivated them.

His Uncle Remus sketches, undertaken at first as part of his newspaper work, exhibited his actual attitude as he lived, surely the reverse of surliness. When it was apparent to him that they were being read everywhere and that he as their author had been elevated, despite his protests, to a forum as influential as almost any in America, he must have worked consciously to make those stories propagandist in nature. He must have realized after a few years that his propaganda, through Uncle Remus, had proved effective, and he could tell himself with all justice that much sectional rancour had evaporated before that old man's wit.

These sketches had shown, by implication, the kindliness that had existed in the ancient South between masters and slaves—and that is what, in the North, had been most seriously in doubt. He had tackled that rancour, too, in his *Constitution* editorials and in the numerous non-dialect essays he had published in Northern magazines. Sweetness and light were his weapons, Matthew Arnold one of his chief smiths. To the South, he said this: Treat Negroes as you would like to be treated in their position and don't make yourself equally criminal with irresponsible Yankees by getting angry when they upbraid the Southern attitude about Negroes. To the North he said this: First ask yourself if what you are angry about really happened—then ask yourself if you might not have acted similarly under similar conditions. To both he said:

Remember that the other fellow is human only, and above all (oh, above all) that you are also; pity him for his error, help him to avoid it, do not abuse him.

He determined at last to show the kindliness which had existed in the ancient South among white people toward one another—the direct personal kindness that makes affection—which *had* existed, and which existed still among country people. For country people, he explained (writing when America was already almost preponderantly urban—*he could not believe it*) are really the *typical* Americans. So he wrote much to this end, stories and novels which never achieved the popularity of the Uncle Remus material, but which are none the less valid. He spoke oftenest of one Billy Sanders, most properly placed, as to character, as a lower middle-class white man, considerably better than a cracker—no polished gem, but a shrewd, shrewd brother, only more kind than shrewd. As to geography, Billy was placed in Georgia, circulating between two actual villages—Shady Dale and Harmony Grove. But to Harris's great distress people in Harmony Grove protested against his making sport of them by using their town's name, and shortly afterward, in very shame, re-christened the town (if one may say so) *Commerce*.

The doctrine of Progress had caught hold in Georgia vengefully; the cities grew and the country dwindled. In 1880 hardly a tenth of the people lived in towns; in 1900 more than a fifth did. Atlanta, with a population of about ten thousand in 1860, had about ninety thousand in 1900—the largest city between Baltimore and New Orleans. Atlanta was like the rest of America now—let men hope, for the better. In

Savannah, still, one did not have to run to catch a street car. That seemed quaint to Harris in 1900, a reminder of the distant past.

His personal affairs, except in money (he never made a great deal), had advanced as rapidly as those of his city. Learned gentlemen the world over wrote to him about his contributions to folk-lore. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Sam Clemens wrote to him, and Mr. Cable wrote, and at times he visited such gentlemen. President Roosevelt wrote to him often, and at last coaxed him to visit the White House. And once at a banquet in Atlanta Roosevelt reminded people that in having Harris they had incomparably a bigger lion present (though a very meek, benign lion) than they had in having *him*, who, as a mere President, was doomed to something like oblivion. Presidents, he had said, come and go, but Uncle Remus stays put. So the world stood with Harris in his early fifties.

Now, whatever are the compensations of being fifty, there are certain difficulties before a man then that he has not had to reckon with formerly. In Harris's own mind, these difficulties were grave. So many people he loved were dead, and much harder of access than so many people he did not love. And there was the matter of his body, pudgy, leaden when it approached staircases. He had money now to deck that body out in good clothing, and to keep his hands immaculate. But to what purpose? Let him groom himself ever so carefully in anticipation of a visit with Mr. Walter Page, Mr. Page only went away to marvel at his unkempt appearance.

But all of that was superficial, and did not satisfactorily explain the sense of futility that, glowering at him, at first, from around unexpected corners, came at length to sit beside him often and boldly, when he had been feeling happiest. He was out of accord with so many things that people about him seemed to set store by. People seemed so prone, after for a long time repudiating a good idea, to accept that idea, nominally, and contort its meaning to their own convenience. Grady had said: "Put business above politics." That was wholesome enough as a doctrine of work, and as a deflation for incompetent people who had been elevated to high political office for sentimental reasons only. That catchword had worked; business was above politics at last in Georgia too—and let nobody doubt it—but not in a way any righteous man would have designed.

And that troubled him. An individualist, he could not reconcile himself to a highly complex and paternalistic government. Corporations were individuals; and yet he abominated the abuses of corporate monopolies. A countryman, he was fretted by so much talk about it all—and so much and so much. He only wanted people to do right.

He was, in short, for all his talk of realism, a romanticist, and he was mainly ignorant of the teeming world of cities and not at home there. And he believed that men had hearts still as they had had long ago in Eatonton, and he believed that people should let the kindest dictates of their hearts actuate them always. But he was a realist, too, and he observed that all this was not happening.

Could it be that in teaching the hard lesson of *sectional* sympathy he had been ambushed, as it were, by forces destructive of the personal, human sympathy which he had somehow taken for granted? Could it be that in their blundering way the old irreconcilables had been accidentally half-right in their denunciation of the North? He was himself not of a disposition to denounce anything, and he did not believe the irreconcilables had been capable of much discrimination in their thinking; but if by the *North* they had meant the new way of life, he was himself at last a sort of rebel again. It was a swift life, standardized, efficient, pushing, hard, firm, isolated, viewing with equal warmth of affection (because the sum in each case was precisely zero) one's fellow Georgians and the residents not only of Boston but of Burma.

All of this, too, was bewildering, and he sought solace where he could. He spent much time in his garden; Snap Bean Farm, he called it. He marvelled incessantly at birds. He speculated about religion. And slowly he resolved to follow his wife into the Catholic Church.

Atlanta was strong, now, and swift—God knows how swift. Not Mr. Grady's home, nor the like of it, was the center of social life there, as it had once been, but some club was, with gentlemen nibbling caviar and planning to squeeze out their competitors; with ladies opening with a brisk prayer some meeting calculated to strengthen them in their snobbery of blood or ancestry, or of some other thing. Oh, it was scheming *now*, and organization, and the devil take the hindmost—except, that is, if the hindmost knocked at some *appropriately* remote door, as for example, that of some Community Chest. And what those gentlemen needed, and those ladies, was neighbour-knowledge, an actual personal contact with people, who, less competent than they, less glittering, (perhaps only less fortunate) were none the less in the one transcendent item of humanity, identical.

There was need, indeed, that the mocking birds sing valiantly now, and that Snap Bean Farm fruit and flower well, and that Mother Church swing her censers faithfully. And they all did. And the somewhat canonized Uncle Remus smiled valiantly, if wistfully, and proclaimed his world the best of all worlds possible.

In 1900, he resigned from the *Constitution* to devote himself to pure letters, but in 1906 he again ventured into journalism by establishing a monthly periodical devoted to literature and current topics. He wanted it named *The Optimist*, but his promoters persuaded him to call it *Uncle Remus's Magazine*; the trade value of that title, they explained, was too great for it to be neglected. Here he re-enunciated his old program—his and Grady's of 1880—in favour of a broad understanding, and of sweetness and light brought to bear upon every question arising between North and South or between nation and nation.

But his instinct recognized more accurately than his intelligence that those principles did not at that time require the prime emphasis, and what he actually talked of most was the necessity of *individuals'* knowing one another and loving one another, at whatever cost, at however great an apparent waste. It was really not so hard for a man in Atlanta to keep his ire and his rapaciousness down in regard to Boston, Massachusetts; his more immediate task was to keep them down in regard to his neighbour, and the best way for him to do that was for him to know his neighbour. It was hard in 1906 for one to do that, and he, Joe Harris, had perhaps furthered the conditions that had made it harder, and perhaps he and Henry Grady had been misguided in their guiding; no, not Grady—let his lips be sealed before he would say that! Perhaps, then, *he* had been misguided. Then let him qualify his old teaching—and so he did qualify it, romanticizing about old colonels, who though still hot against Sherman, yet whittled charmingly for children; about the birds, over and over; about his collards, which grew sedately and would not be speeded up by advertising programs; and about young creatures who somehow, absurdly wise, value people more by what they are than by what they have or do.

When he died in 1908, his family set these appropriate words of his on his grave stone. They are beautiful words and they testify to a lovely though no longer ebullient spirit:

> "I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children—some young and fresh and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not an unfriendly face among them. And while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest, saying: 'You have made some of us happy.' And so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips trembling and I have to bow silently, and turn away and hurry into the obscurity that fits me best."

The Significance of Bolshevism

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

THE economic crisis of the last two years has proved a godsend to the Bolsheviks. The years of the New Economic Policy in Russia and of the post-War boom in the West were a time of disappointment and trial for the leaders of the Communist Party. Fortunately for them the launching of the second Communist offensive in Russia—the Five-Year Plan—coincided with the apparent collapse of the capitalist system in the West and has revived the hopes of world revolution which for a time had been abandoned. Above all, these hopes are concentrated on the approaching dissolution of the British Empire, which the Bolsheviks regard not without reason as the chief element of cohesion in the divided ranks of their enemies. Today Trotsky writes: "Only a blind man could fail to see that Great Britain is headed for gigantic revolutionary earthquake shocks in which the last fragments of her conservatism, her world domination, her present state machine, will go down without a trace."

These hopes are encouraged by the mood of fatalism and despair that is so common in Western countries. Professed Communists may be few enough, but everywhere we find intellectuals who are fascinated by the grandiose projects of Communist state planning and who feel that the social and economic system of Western Europe neither deserves nor is able to surmount its present crisis.

What is the reason for the success—even though it be only a relative success—of Bolshevism; for the way in which it has maintained itself essentially unchanged through all the vicissitudes of the Revolution and the Civil War, the New Economic Policy and the Five-Year Plan; above all, for the attraction that it seems to exercise not only for the discontented and the disinherited proletarian, but also for the disinterested idealist? This is the question that a young German sociologist, Dr. Waldemar Gurian, has attempted to answer in an important book that has recently been translated into English* and *he has succeeded better than any other writer that I know in getting to the root of the matter and revealing the essential nature of the Bolshevik régime*. For Bolshevism is not a political movement that can be judged by its practical aims and achievements, nor is it an abstract theory that can be understood apart from its historical context. It differs from other contemporary movements above all by its organic unity, its fusion of theory and practice, and by the way in which its practical policy is bound up with its philosophy. In a world of relativity and scepticism it stands for absolute principles; for a creed that is incarnate in a social order and for an authority that demands the entire allegiance of the whole man. The Bolshevik ideology, writes Dr. Gurian,

> has been transformed from a philosophy consciously learned and imposed on life from without into a concrete living force, a national outlook, which unconsciously, implicitly, and spontaneously determines and moulds all men's judgments and opinions.

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* *Bolshevism: Theory and Practice,* translated by E. I. Watkin. (Sheed & Ward. $2.50.)

These revolutionaries are not simply politicians satisfied with the possession of power. They regard themselves as bearers of a gospel which shall bring to humanity the true redemption from its sufferings, the imperfections of its earthly existence.

It is precisely in this respect that Bolshevism is superior to the sceptical, relativist and purely opportunist political and social attitude so common in the outside world. It claims to represent immutable principles. Though it regards earthly existence, the economic and social organisation, as the final end of human life, it follows this belief with a zeal and a devotion that give it the appearance of a religion, in comparison with which the frequent panegyrics of man's spiritual freedom and dignity which carry with them no practical obligation appear worthless and hollow. It is therefore impossible to combat Bolshevism with arguments of a purely opportunist kind.

And, in the same way, the Communist party has little resemblance to a political party in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a voluntary organization only in the same sense as is a religious order. Its members are bound by a rigid and impersonal discipline, but they are not the servants of the state, for the state itself is their instrument. It is true that they regard themselves as the representatives and trustees of the proletariat, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that they think it their business to obey the wishes of the working class, as the democratic politician fulfils the mandate of his electors. The proletariat they serve is a mystical entity—the universal church of the Marxian believer—and the actual populace is an unregenerate mass which it is their duty to guide according to the principles of the true faith. The Communist is not a representative of the people: he is the priest of an idea.

Consequently the triumph of Bolshevism was not a triumph of the popular will over Tsarist tyranny, or of revolutionary enthusiasm over conservative order. It was the victory of authority and discipline over democratic idealism and individualism. As we see clearly enough in the first volume of Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*, it was the victory of a few men who knew what they wanted and allowed nothing to stand in their way over a vast majority that was driven to and fro by the uncertainty of the politicians and the passions of the mob. It was, above all, the victory of one man—Lenin—the most remarkable personality that the age produced.

The age of the great war was an age of iron, but it gave birth to no military genius and no great statesman; its political leaders were men of paper. The one man of iron that the age produced arose from the most unlikely quarter that it is possible to conceive—from among the fanatics and revolutionary agitators who wandered about the watering places of Switzerland and Germany conspiring ineffectually and arguing with one another. To the practical politicians, even those of the Socialist party, Lenin was nothing but an ineffective visionary. Kerensky himself at first seems to have regarded him with condescending tolerance as a man who "knew nothing, who had lived apart from the world and viewed everything through the glasses of his fanaticism".

Certainly Lenin was a fanatic, but he was a fanatic who had no illusions about himself or others and who was as ready to learn from experience as the most opportunist of practical politicians. Nothing could be more unlike the popular idea of a revolutionary leader than this simple and even commonplace man who derided idealism and hated fine phrases, and who, in his own words, "always kept a stone in his pockets" in dealing with his fellow-men. He was the complete antithesis of Trotsky, the man of words, and it shows his power of self-suppression that he should have worked so long with a man whose nature was so utterly alien to his own, because he was a useful asset to the revolutionary cause.

But Lenin's cynicism and hatred of "idealism" must not lead us to suppose that he undervalued ideas. He was above all a man of theory and he differed from the average Socialist leader, both among the Bolsheviks and outside the party, in his insistence on the philosophical absolutism of the communist creed. "We must realize", he wrote in 1922, "that neither the natural sciences nor even a materialism that lacks solid philosophical foundations is capable of carrying on the struggle against the onslaught of bourgeois ideas and preventing the re-establishment of the bourgeois *Weltanschauung*. If this contest is to be waged victoriously, the scientist must be a materialist of our time, that is to say, a conscious adherent of the materialism represented by Marx: in other words, a dialectical materialist." And even Marx by himself was not enough, since he held that without Hegel Marx's *Kapital* is unintelligible. Hegel and Marx are the Old and New Testaments of the Bolshevik dispensation, and neither of them can stand without the other. No amount of practical success can justify the sacrifice of a jot or a tittle of this revelation, and it is better to postpone the immediate realization of Communism as a working system (as Lenin actually did by the New Economic Policy), rather than to imperil the orthodoxy of the picked minority that forms the spiritual foundation of the whole system.

Thus the Communist system, as planned and largely created by Lenin, was a kind of *atheocracy*, a spiritual order of the most rigid and exclusive type, rather than a political order. The state was not an end in itself, it was an instrument, or, as Lenin himself puts it, "simply the weapon with which the proletariat wages its class war—*a special sort of bludgeon, nothing more*".

Nothing could be more characteristic of Lenin's inhuman simplicity and directness than this sentence: for, unlike his Western admirers, Lenin was never afraid to call a bludgeon a bludgeon.

To the western mind such an attitude may seem shocking or even inconceivable, just as does the Bolshevik conception of law and the judiciary system as a weapon to be wielded by the dictatorship for political ends. But it must be recognized that it has roots deep in Russian character and in Russian history. Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great also regarded the state as a bludgeon and dealt with the Boyars and the Old Believers as mercilessly as Lenin dealt with the bourgeois and the Kulaks. It seems as though it were the fate of the vast, slow-moving masses of the Russian people to be periodically bludgeoned into activity by the ruthless energy of their rulers. Trotsky himself fully recognizes this feature of the Russian development. "A backward culture", he writes, "is forced to make sudden leaps under the whips of external necessity"; and his first chapter is a commentary on those words of Vico: "The Tsar of Muscovy, although a Christian, rules over a lazy-minded people."

But all this does nothing to explain the attraction of the Bolshevik experiment for certain elements in the West. If it were simply a question of *catching up* with capitalist Europe, as Trotsky almost seems to suggest, Western Europe has no more reason to disturb itself than it did in the past. After all, nobody in the West thought of idealizing Ivan the Terrible or even Peter the Great. The fact is that while Bolshevism is in the concrete a Russian phenomenon, its theoretic basis and its absolute claims have given it a much wider significance than any purely national revolution could have. It reflects in the distorted and exaggerated medium of Russian society a crisis that is common to the whole of the modern world. As primitive peoples succumb more easily than white men to the diseases of civilization, so the spiritual maladies of European civilization become more deadly in a simpler social environment. The influence of revolutionary ideas, the loss of spiritual order, the substitution of private interests for public authority and of individual opinions for social beliefs are factors common to the modern world, but the Western peoples have been in some degree immunized by two centuries of experience and they have hitherto been able to preserve their social stability in spite of the prevalence of subversive ideas. In Russia, however, this was not the case. The Russian bourgeoisie possessed in an exaggerated form all the weaknesses of their Western counterparts. They were a source of weakness rather than of strength to the social order, which they undermined spiritually at the same time that they exploited it economically. They showed a platonic sympathy for every kind of subversive ideal, and even the Bolsheviks themselves received financial support from prominent industrialists, such as Sava Morosov. Above all, it is in Russia that we can study in its purest form the phenomenon of an intelligentsia—that is to say, an educated class—that is entirely detached from social responsibilities and that provides a seed bed for the propagation of revolutionary ideas. It was not from the peasants or the industrial proletariat, but from the ranks of the lesser nobility and the bourgeois intelligentsia that the leaders of the revolutionary and terrorist movement arose from the time of Herzen and Bakunin to that of Lenin himself.

Hence it is not surprising that the same society that has seen the most extreme development of the subversive elements in bourgeois culture should also produce the most extreme type of reaction against that culture. The disintegration of bourgeois society has worked itself out to its logical conclusion and has given place to a movement in the reverse direction. The futility and emptiness of Russian bourgeois existence as described, for instance, by Chekhov, or still earlier in Goncharov's *Oblomov*, is such that any régime which offers a positive and objective end of life becomes attractive. Man cannot live in a spiritual void; he needs some fixed social standards and some absolute intellectual principles. Bolshevism at least replaces the spiritual anarchy of bourgeois society by a rigid order and substitutes for the doubt and scepticism of an irresponsible intelligentsia the certitude of an absolute authority embodied in social institutions. It is true that the Bolshevik philosophy is a poor thing at best. It is philosophy reduced to its very lowest terms, a philosophy with a minimum of spiritual and intellectual content. It impoverishes life instead of enriching it, and confines the mind in a narrow and arid circle of ideas. Nevertheless, it is enough of a philosophy to provide society with a theoretical basis, and therein lies the secret of its strength. The lesson of Bolshevism is that any philosophy is better than no philosophy, and that a régime which possesses a principle of authority, however misconceived it may be, will be stronger than a system that rests on the shifting basis of private interests and private opinions.

And this is the reason why Bolshevism with all its crudity constitutes a real menace to Western society. For although our civilization is stronger and more coherent than that of pre-War Russia, it suffers from the same internal weakness. It needs some principle of social and economic order and yet it has lost all vital relation to the spiritual traditions on which the old order of European culture was based. As Dr. Gurian writes: "Marxism, and therefore Bolshevism, does but voice the secret and unavowed philosophy of the bourgeois society when it regards society and economics as the absolute. It is faithful, likewise, to its morality when it seeks to order this absolute, the economic society, in such a way that justice, equality and freedom, the original war cries of the bourgeois advance, may be the lot of all. The rise of the bourgeoisie and the evolution of the bourgeois society have made economics the centre of public life." And thus: "Bolshevism is at once the product of the bourgeois society and the judgement upon it. It reveals the goal to which the secret philosophy of that society leads, if accepted with unflinching logic." At first sight this criticism of the bourgeois society seems unjust, in view of the great services that it has rendered to civilization during the last two centuries. It may be plausibly argued that the faults of the bourgeois are no greater than those of the leading classes in other ages, while his virtues are all his own. But the fact remains that the typical leaders of bourgeois society do not arouse the same respect as that which is felt for the corresponding figures in the old régime. We instinctively feel that there is something honourable about a king, a noble, or a knight which the banker, the stockbroker or the democratic politician does not possess. A king may be a bad king, but our very condemnation of him is a tribute to the prestige of his office. Nobody speaks of a "bad bourgeois", the Socialist may indeed call him a "bloody bourgeois", but that is a set formula that has nothing to do with his personal vices or virtues.

This distrust of the bourgeois is no modern phenomenon. It has its roots in a much older tradition than that of socialism. It is equally typical of the mediaeval noble and peasant, the romantic Bohemian and the modern proletarian. The fact is that the bourgeoisie has always stood somewhat apart from the main structure of European society, save in Italy and the Low Countries. While the temporal power was in the hands of the kings and the nobles and the spiritual power was in the hands of the Church, the bourgeoisie, the Third Estate, occupied a position of privileged inferiority which allowed them to amass wealth and to develop considerable intellectual culture and freedom of thought without acquiring direct responsibility or power.* Consequently, when the French Revolution and the fall of the old régime made the bourgeoisie the ruling class in the West, it retained its inherited characteristics, its attitude of hostile criticism towards the traditional order and its enlightened selfishness in the pursuit of its own interests. But although the bourgeois now possessed the substance of power, he never really accepted social responsibility as the old rulers had done. He remained a private individual—an *idiot* in the Greek sense—with a strong sense of social conventions and personal rights, but with little sense of social solidarity and no recognition of his responsibility as the servant and representative of a super-personal order. In fact, he did not realize the necessity of such an order, since it had always been provided for him by others, and he had taken it for granted.

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* The same conditions obtained in a highly accentuated form in the case of the Jews, who are, so to speak, bourgeois *par excellence*,

This, I think, is the fundamental reason for the unpopularity and lack of prestige of bourgeois civilization. It lacks the vital human relationship which the older order with all its faults never denied. To the bourgeois politician the electorate is an accidental collection of voters; to the bourgeois industrialist his employees are an accidental collection of wage earners. The king and the priest, on the other hand, were united to their people by a bond of organic solidarity. They were not individuals standing over against other individuals, but parts of a common social organism and representatives of a common spiritual order.

The bourgeoisie upset the throne and the altar, but they put in their place nothing but themselves. Hence

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and this explains how it is that the East European Jew can adapt himself so much more rapidly and successfully than his Christian neighbour to modern bourgeois civilization.

their régime cannot appeal to any higher sanction than that of self interest. It is continually in a state of disintegration and flux. It is not a permanent form of social organization, but a transitional phase between two orders.

This does not, of course, mean that Western society is inevitably doomed to go the way of Russia, or that it can find salvation in the Bolshevik ideal of class dictatorship and economic mass civilization. The Bolshevik philosophy is simply the *reductio ad absurdum* of the principles implicit in bourgeois culture and consequently it provides no real answer to the weaknesses and deficiencies of the latter. It takes the nadir of European spiritual development for the zenith of a new order.

The bourgeois culture in spite of its temporary importance is nothing but an episode in European history. This is why the current Socialist opposition of Communist and bourgeois society is in reality a false dilemma. Western civilization is not merely the civilization of the bourgeois; it is the old civilization of Western Christendom that is undergoing a temporary phase of disorganization and change. It owes its strength not to its bourgeois politics and economics, but to the older and more permanent elements of its social and spiritual tradition. In no country, save perhaps in the United States, does the bourgeois culture exist in the pure state as a self-subsistent whole. England, above all, which seems at first sight to be the most thoroughly bourgeois society of all, has in reality never possessed a bourgeoisie in the true sense. Its ruling class down to modern times was agrarian in character and incorporated considerable elements of the older aristocratic tradition. Ever since Tudor times it was the aim of the successful merchant to "found a family" and leave the city for the country, and even the city man remained to a great extent a countryman at heart, as we see as late as the Victorian period in Surtees's Jorrocks. The English Nonconformists did indeed possess a tradition of cultural separatism analogous to that of the continental bourgeoisie; but even they were not pure bourgeois, since their basis of social unity was a religious and not an economic one.

In the same way the government in England has never been completely transformed by the bourgeois revolution, but still preserves the monarchical principle as the centre of national solidarity and order.

And the same state of things exists in varying degrees in every Western state. Even France, which politically is an almost pure type of bourgeois culture, is sociologically far from simple and owes its strength to the delicate equilibrium that it has established between two different social types—the peasant and the bourgeois—and two opposite spiritual traditions—that of the Catholic Church and that of the Liberal Enlightenment.

Consequently, it is impossible to solve the problem of Western society by disregarding the social and spiritual complexity of European civilization. Bourgeois civilization is not the only European tradition, and Rousseau and Marx are not the only European thinkers. The new order must be conceived not in terms of bourgeois exploiter and exploited proletarian, but as a unity that incorporates every element in European culture and that does justice to the spiritual and social as well as to the economic needs of human nature. In Russia such a solution was impossible owing to the profound gulf that divided the bourgeoisie and the intelligentsia with their imported Western culture from the governmental tradition of Byzantine autocracy and Orthodoxy and from the peasant culture of a semi-barbaric peasantry. But Western civilization is still fundamentally homogeneous. Our intelligentsia has not entirely lost its roots in a common spiritual order, and our bourgeoisie is not entirely divorced from social responsibility. It is still not too late to restore the integrity of European culture on the basis of a comprehensive and Catholic order. We must go back to an older and more fundamental social tradition and to a wider and more perennial philosophy, which recognize the depth and complexity of human nature and the existence of a moral order that must govern political and economic relations no less than private behaviour. As Dr. Gurian says, Bolshevism itself is an unintentional and therefore most impressive witness to the existence of such an order, since its attempt to treat society as a closed and self-sufficient order has led not to Utopia but to tyranny. Man is first mutilated by being deprived of some of his most essential activities, and this maimed and crippled human nature is made the standard by which civilization and life itself are judged.

Proust:
the Two Ways

PAUL ELMER MORE

THERE is something portentous in the life of Marcel Proust; something portentous in the vast work of fiction into which his life was poured; something equally portentous in the kind of homage given to that work by admirers, many of whom have read but a small portion of it. Of the life little need here be said. It may be assumed that every one interested in the subject knows how the young Parisian, born into a rich family of the bourgeoisie, became a pet of the fashionable circle of the old French nobility, how from childhood he was the victim of a neurotic affection which took the form of asthma, how in his later years he shut himself up in a chamber closed against all ventilation and lined with cork, and how in this artificial seclusion (broken until the very end by hysterical eruptions into society) he laboured with demonic energy to complete the long novel in which he should wreak his contempt of the world.

As for the novel itself, it is portentous in its mere length and portentous in its power of combining unity of purpose with dispersion of method.[1] The *Overture* to the first volume begins with a curious analysis of sleep and waking, and their merging together in the dream-state, which is meant to set the tone for all that follows. Through the power of memory we then have an evocation of the life of the hero (called Marcel, and in fact a shadowy image of the author himself) as a child in the home of his great aunt at Combray, where three generations of the family are gathered. We hear about the vagaries of an aunt, Léonie, who is a hypochondriac confined to her room, about the boy's passionate love for his mother (not without hints of Freudian "complex"), about the visit of a wealthy Jewish connoisseur of the arts named Swann. But the happenings, slight enough in themselves, are bathed in a flood of fancies and reflections, "shifting and confused gusts of memory", started by the chance perception of some flower or bit of water or church spire, or by some trivial event such as the taking of a crumb of cake or a spoonful of tea. In the main these impressions are connected with walking or driving excursions along two roads, one of which passes the country seat of the Guermantes, a family which traces its various ramifications back to the heroic names of antiquity, while the other leads to Méséglise past the homes of Swann and of the musician Vinteuil. It is at Montjouvain, a place on this second way, that an adventure occurs to "Marcel" (we know that something similar had happened to the real Marcel) which is to haunt him through life and is to form the pattern, so to speak, for his pictures of society. To put it briefly, he sees through an open window the daughter of Vinteuil engaged with a girl friend in a passionate display of anomalous love (I prefer this less repulsive phrase for homosexuality) intensified by sadism.

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[1] In the original, *A la Recherche du temps perdu* is divided into seven parts extending to sixteen volumes. My quotations are from the excellent translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff who completed all but the last of the ten volumes of the English version.

To my taste this introductory section, including the *Overture* and *Combray*, is the subtlest and truest and most interesting portion of the whole novel. It is highly original, often quaint and exquisite, and it is adroit as a preparation for what follows; best of all, it is comparatively short.

For the rest the substance of the novel, so far as it has any, is the doings of the people of the two ways, the aristocratic circle of the Guermantes Way and the bourgeois circle of Swann's Way, told not in the ordinary style of narration but in interminably protracted accounts of dinners and receptions at this or that house, ending with an assembly at the Princesse de Guermantes's, in *The Past Recaptured*, where we see the old standards of snobbishness broken down and the two streams of society mingled together in a débâcle of all standards whatsoever. And what society! I once at a dinner heard Mr. W. B. Yeats explaining the difference between the group of poets to which he belonged when he first came up to London and the group which now disports itself there. "We", said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "had the manners of bishops and the morals of brigands; our successors have the manners of brigands and the morals of bishops." For the manners and morals of M. Proust's society you may leave out the bishops. If the record is meant to be satire, it is too improbable to sting; if it is meant to be fun, it is too ill-natured (and too monotonous) to amuse. Much of it is well skipped.

The nearest approach to a full-length portrait is the grotesque figure of the Baron de Charlus (a Guermantes), ravaged and in the end pitifully broken by his anomalous passions. The nearest approaches to *consecutive* narration are the story of

Swann's wooing of Odette and the story of Marcel's love for Albertine. But in neither of these two stories are there any events such as make the staple of the ordinary novel. Swann's experience resolves into the fluctuating emotions of a man who is consciously making a fool of himself, and Marcel's love, when it once gets started, scarcely moves out of a flux and reflux of jealous suspicions that extend through seven hundred and fifty seven pages. And the portrait as well as the stories are simply drowned in a billowing ocean of reflections on every aspect of life. It is in fact this stream of ideas, chiefly psychological, led on and on by an unpredictable association, this, rather than the sporadic events, that forms the matter of the book; and our critical estimation of Proust will depend largely on our judgement of the soundness or unsoundness of his psychology. For myself I may say that I find these reflections in part surprisingly fine and fresh, in part tediously commonplace, in part vitiated by a fundamentally inadequate conception of human nature, in part sheer nonsense. The amazing thing is that any writer could keep up the process so continuously and so long. When all is said, it is a prodigy of the creative will and intellect; and I suspect that many readers' wonder at the immensity of the achievement passes into admiration for its quality. Held in a kind of breathless suspense at the spectacle, as at the sight of a man walking a tight-rope over the whirlpool of Niagara, they forget to ask themselves whether the performance is anything more than a prodigious waste of skill and endurance. What, we may well ask, does all this display of cleverness amount to, after all? To what common end have the two ways, so carefully distinguished at the beginning, brought us?

The fact is that of the two ways open to the creative imagination Proust knows but one, and has pursued it with a persistence and sagacity and intrepidity which have earned for him something like prophetic repute among those of his generation who are treading with less certainty the same road to the same goal. It is not a wide renown, or, if wide, is a renown largely of mystification. To the generality of men, bound over to a succession of little unending tasks, and content in the respites of toil to snatch at any diversion of pleasure or to sit in somnolent expectation—to these the world of Proust, if known at all, must be a pure bewilderment, and the drift of his moral psychology must be like the shimmering of gossamer filaments blown from their attachment.

For most men in a brazen prison live,
Where, in the sun's hot eye,
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison-wall.

But there are some, a growing number today, who, in their minds at least, have broken away from the treadmill of business, and are asking what it all means and why it should be. To most of these the old answers are no longer valid; tradition seems indeed to be the mere negation of liberty and the very warden of the brazen walls they would escape.

And the rest, a few,
Escape their prison, and depart
O'er the wide ocean of life anew.

> There the freed prisoner, where'er his heart
> Listeth, will sail.
> Nor doth he know how there prevail,
> Despotic on that sea,
> Trade-winds which cross it from eternity.

These, I take it, the rebels determined to be free, yet a little dubious of their goal, form the band of Proust's votaries. It is the imagination that sets them at large, and to the imagination they look for a pilot over the uncharted seas. Alert and curious, they are ready to acclaim the voice of any prophet who, like the Apostles of old miraculously delivered from gaol, comes to them accredited to speak "all the words of this life".

It is perhaps a truth not fully recognized that fear is one of the emotions attendant upon the liberty of thinking—just plain fear, running the gamut from intermittent moments of disquietude to an ever-present haunting horror. We begin to reflect, and forthwith our thought acts as a kind of dissolvent upon the solid-seeming fabric of life. The successive tasks in which we are engaged, the sequence of events through which we pass, cease to be separate tenable facts, rising out of the tides of time like isolated rocks, and melt into fluid fluctuant forms like the waves that toss about them. We appear to be adrift on a waste expanse of racing shadows; the only certainty left us is the principle of uncertainty, and the only permanent thing discoverable is the law of impermanence. And with this dissolution of facts into the mist of unreality comes a corresponding disintegration of values. What significance can be given to these transient apparitions that constitute the world in which we live? What importance can be attached to the stream of sensations that make up our conscious existence? It may be that with the ordinary man these doubts are no more than faint and rarely recurrent impressions; but their possibility, their potentiality so to speak, is forever in the background, and as reflection deepens they may be consolidated into a state of abiding apprehension. "All things are in flux", cries Marcus Aurelius, "thou thyself art undergoing a perpetual transformation and, in some sort, decay, as is the whole universe." And day by day the frightened ruler of the world made time to write out the meditations in which he sought to solace himself for the depredations of change. His piety was strong enough to hold his imagination in check and to prevent it from conjuring up pictures of pure terror; but with others it is as if the web of circumstance floated before them like a thin vapour through the rifts of which their gaze plunged into a dizzy vertigo of nothingness. You have a Pascal terrified by the silence of the infinite spaces above and averting his eyes from the gulf ever yawning at his side. Or you have an Amiel, who could scarcely breathe for the sense of being suspended by a thread over the unfathomable abysses of destiny–in a kind of tête-à-tête, as he says, with the Infinite, which is only another name for the Great Death. You may disregard a Pascal and an Amiel as morbid visionaries, and indeed to a mind like Voltaire's one of them was a maniac; but in truth they differ from the rest of us only by the depth of their insight and the power of their imagination.

From that horror of emptiness there are various modes of escape. Philosophy has a way, pursued by the Stoics of old and their modern congeners. This film of visible phenomena, it declares, is like a curtain forward and backward rolled in everlasting recurrence; and beyond it lies nothing conceivable, not even the void; there is no beyond. What has been seen before is seen now, and what is seen now, shall be seen again. Where nothing could be imagined otherwise, there can be nothing amiss; and where nothing is amiss, there can be no reason for fear. It is not a joyous road, this of philosophy, but to the disciplined will it offers the grey-hued calm of acquiescence in the fact. And there is the way of religion, which avers that through and beyond the veil it discovers not emptiness but eternal realities of the spirit; and this path promises to lead to the peace of great joy.

But our present concern, except indirectly, is not with philosophy or religion, but with art, and more particularly with the art of fiction. And since, whether for good or for ill, the theme of the novel from the beginning has been predominantly love, we are to see in what different ways the imagination lays hold of this theme in its search for a world of reality.

Now it must be observed that what we call love is a highly complicated phenomenon. It has at the core a solid fact, the universal urge of sex; but all about that natural impulse, enveloping and penetrating it, extends a network of sentiments and associations, epiphenomena so to speak, which are the potent factors in changing indiscriminate lust into what is properly called love. By sentiment I mean primarily that intensified craving for beauty which, with the ordinary man, especially perhaps in youth, comes suddenly with the incursion of desire. All men in love we say are potential poets. And, further, I mean that more unified sense of beauty, appearing now as loveliness, which arises as attention is centered upon a single person, producing often a curious complication of physical craving with a reticence of respect and crossing self-will with self-abnegation. As Professor Taylor observes in one of the fine passages of his *The Faith of a Moralist*: "When, in the dawn of adolescence, the 'young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love', he must be a very poor kind of young man if, from the very first, the promptings of mere animal 'passion' are not so overlaid with characteristically human affection and imagination that they are, for the most part, only in the background of consciousness."

Of the existence of this sentimental overlaying there can be no doubt. In one stage or another, to one degree or another, it is common to all men; but in its immediate form it is also more or less transient, unless reinforced by associations of another order, ethical rather than sentimental in the sense that the imaginatively heightened relation of two individuals, one to the other, is absorbed into the broader relations upon which rests the very structure of human society. After all, the normal outcome of physical union is offspring, and with children comes the family, and upon the family is built the intricate organization of the State.

All this is a commonplace, as it is equally a commonplace that physical desire and the sentiment of love and the recognition of social obligations in love do not necessarily coincide, or may coincide in various patterns. But it needs some reflection, perhaps, to see just how the two ways of fiction are defined by the attitude of the writer towards this complicated phenomenon, according as he looks for the significant reality in its core of physical urgency or in its envelope of sentimental and ethical associations. On the one way the novelist, while not denying, or even minimizing, the basic fact of sex, tends to keep it in the background as in itself an unmalleable force, common to men and animals and unimportant in the differentiation of man from man. What rather interests him is the sense of beauty that arises out of the brute fact as a flower springs from the earth, and that flourishes only with a certain reticence as to its source, just as the flower must not carry the soil on its blossom. But that is only the beginning of the divergence. The final parting of the ways comes with recognition of the ethical associations attached to love. Though he may not deal openly with the matter as would a professed moralist, though indeed as an artist he is bound more or less to deal with it indirectly, nevertheless the family and the structure of society are for him the important fact, the more important as his art rises in seriousness; and the personal sentiment of love in his imaginative world acquires dignity just in proportion as it can be carried on into this ethical sphere. The significant reality for him lies here for the reason that these associations have a validity above the happiness of the individual, being fixed by eternal principles of right and wrong interwoven into the very texture of human life. The people of his imagination may not know these laws, or, knowing, may disregard them; but he knows. One of the readier sources of poignant emotion at the disposal of the novelist is the breaking of his fictitious persons, through their ignorance or rebellion, against this wall of impersonal facts; but the emotion will rise to the height of true tragedy only when the manipulator of the puppets is himself neither ignorant nor rebellious.

An impressive illustration of this artistic canon may be seen in Richardson's *Clarissa*, the first full-blooded novel ever written, and the fashioner of innumerable books to follow—first, that is, if we disregard *Pamela* as a sort of preliminary sketch and with it Fielding's roistering parody. The theme of Richardson's tale is love and nothing but love, and the whole plot might be summarized in the couplet:

> Much ado there was, God wot;
> He would love and she would not.

In one respect the hero and the heroine are in accord; they each feel towards the other the primal impulse of desire, and Clarissa, however discreetly the author may deal with the subject, would have been quite ready to throw herself into the arms of her wooer—on a condition. That condition is marriage. Now marriage does not alter the physical fact in the least; and so on its face the ceremony may appear to be no more than the utterance of a few conventional words. But it may also be regarded as the symbol and pledge of something vastly significant added to the physical fact. To Clarissa, though she might not have been able to give an articulate account of her feelings, it meant public recognition of the truth that the drawing of the individual man to the individual woman should be made subordinate to the circle of moral obligations which are so nobly expressed in the old Roman Statutes by the *consortium totius vitae*, and which had for her the sanctity of a law divine as well as human. Any attempt to free the physical fact from these conditions was fraught for her with horror. It is for this reason that the success of Lovelace, carried through with treachery and force, does not affect the reader as brutal realism but rises into the plane of high tragedy. By some miracle of genius Richardson adapted to the narrowest usage of fiction the ancient and never concluded battle of *physis* (nature) and *nomos* (law), which had been waged so dramatically between Socrates and the Sophists, as we read in the *Gorgias* of Plato. And if with most of the successors of Richardson, beginning with his satirist, Fielding, marriage and not rape is the *dénouement* of the plot, this only means that a happy rather than a tragic ending is the easier and, in general, the more normal treatment of love in the medium of prose.

But suppose on the other hand the novelist, and with him probably his circle of readers, has lost the sense of ethical reality and in the social laws sees only a tradition, convention (*nomos*, as the sophists understood it) hampering and abridging the fulfilment of individual desires (*physis*) to no purpose. He may or may not retain feeling for the sentimental penumbra about the physical fact. Without that feeling he will write as a realist after the fashion of Zola, and his interpretation of life, in so far as it adheres to love as the main theme of the novel, will be of the type of *Nana*. In the other case, the sentiment retained, but detached from its moorings in the higher law (*nomos*, as Socrates understood it), will float off into the sort of "symbolism" in which the imagination becomes only a servant of the flesh, or will further evaporate into the so-called "stream of consciousness", after the manner of Proust, in which thought succeeds thought, and image follows upon image, under no other guidance than the haphazard "association of ideas" revived so unexpectedly from an older discredited psychology. But in either case—and this is a point that should not be obscured by a trick of terminology —the writer, whether realist or symbolist, will belong to the broader school of naturalism, in so far as he eliminates that faculty of responsible selection in the field of consciousness which for the humanist belongs to man only, along with the "nature" common to man and the rest of the animal kingdom. And further it should be noted that both branches of the naturalistic school are alike in this, that they rob human activity of any purpose or ultimate meaning. The only difference is that with the realist the result is likely to be a kind of sullen despair or fierce hatred, showing itself in a deliberate recourse to the ugly and bestial as the ultimate truth of things, and producing a curious but bastard imitation of genuine tragedy, whereas with the symbolist the illusion and utter futility of life will reproduce itself in an art ever more and more fantastically unreal.

Certainly illusion, with its attendant train of desolate awakenings, is the underground of Proust's sentimental and naturalistic picture of life, as all his readers will admit, his admirers as readily as his detractors. The matter is admirably summed up at the conclusion of Léon Pierre-Quint's unmitigated eulogy:

> The reader who transverses the Proustian universe, overpeopled with characters, is overwhelmed by the im-

pression of a continuous desolation. In the author's company we pass through the drawing-rooms, through Sodom, Gomorrah, Venus.—One after another we are confronted with the vanity of love, the vanity of social activity, the anguish of desire, and, on the margins of madness, the passions which haunt the degraded as much as the superior, which throw their lives out of balance and overshadow all their pleasures. And in every class of society each single individual is the slave of the same illusions and set on the edge of the same abyss. Death brings no hope. The search for self-centered pleasure is the great and general law. But pleasure does not exist, and its pursuit is as vain as the zeal of the occultists to find the esoteric traditions, the philosopher's stone, the formula of happiness. . . . The word *nothingness* recurs over and over again in the books of Marcel Proust, like a warning signal.

In other words the reader of these books has come, like Dante in his infernal journey, to the brink of the dolorous Valley, so obscure and profound and nebulous that gazing downwards the eye discovers no resting place; he has reached the limbo of nature where the inhabitants, cut off even from the realism of hell, know only this:

Che senza speme vivemo in disio.

Let there be no mistake about this. M. Pierre-Quint is right. Humanity as portrayed in Proust's imagination is without aim, without joy, without peace, without outlook of any sort; his people have no occupation save to think about themselves, and in *le néant* beyond the phantasmagoria of unsatisfied and forever insatiable desires the only reality for them is the grinning figure of Fear. The author himself knew the malignity of that face; and the look of it gradually paralysed all power of normal association. His last days alternated between a feverish repulsion of society and a no less panic craving for companionship. Before his death even his own brother, a physician, was barred from his room, and was met with frightful violence on forcing a way in.

Nevertheless—and this is one of the paradoxes of modern taste—a growing circle of enthusiasts, mostly very young, pretend to read such works with avidity, and suck some kind of pride out of the pretension. Why, one asks. And the answer, if one may believe them, is definite enough: their delight is not in the thing represented—and indeed life itself, they say, in any veracious account can give joy to no one—but rather in the act itself of representing. That is, they delight in Proust's art as something utterly detached from life, and as producing a reality of its own. At least M. Pierre-Quint is quite clear about this. As a mere imitation of life, he admits, the work of Proust affords no relief in the promise of a future existence, nor does it even offer the expectation, "like all the atheists from Lucretius to the scientists, that to the evolutionary process of the universe there corresponds a 'Progress of Humanity' "—which yet would be a sad comfort to the individual who is never to see the fruits of such Progress. Nevertheless there is hope here for him who will take it, a joy in the liberating function of art as a power that may lift the reader into a something real just because unrelated to life. "In the void, the nothingness, of (Proust's) universe, art is the basis of morality, as well as being the immediate of metaphysics"—a morality unconcerned with any responsibilities and a metaphysic unhampered by any actuality. And so M. Pierre-Quint quotes a sentence of Bergson which, as he says, might have been written by Proust (who was in fact steeped in the Bergsonian philosophy): "Art has no other object than to set aside the symbols of practical utility, the generalities that are conventionally and socially accepted, everything in fact which masks reality from us, in order to set us face to face with reality itself." Thus we learn that "the true Proustian joy is a kind of beatitude, . . . the absolute of the artist's joy".

In all which, it must be admitted, our critic is doing no more than develop the claims made by Proust himself. In the long account of one of the assemblies at the Verdurins', for instance, the reflections aroused by the playing of Vinteuil's sextet in the mind of Marcel (hero of the novel at once, it is to be remembered, and shadowy duplicate of the novelist) run on similar lines. "If art", he asks, "was indeed but a prolongation of life, was it worth while to sacrifice anything to it, was it not as unreal as life itself?" No, here was something utterly severed from "the nullity that (he) had found in all (his) pleasures and in love itself"; here within his grasp was the true "superterrestrial joy, . . . an ineffable joy which seemed to come from Paradise".

Now all this, if taken quite literally, is nonsense. The simple truth, which ought to be known to any adult mind, is that pure art, art completely severed from actuality, just does not exist. Art may interpret, and so in a fashion re-create; it cannot create *ex nihilo*. This chatter about receiving the ineffable joys of Paradise from a reality unattached to anything real is the watery moonshine of an outworn romanticism. If there is pleasure to be derived from Proust—a pleasure beyond that in the mere adroitness of imitation—it is because his novel is a criticism of life as didactic as any that Matthew Arnold would demand, though a criticism pointing in a very different direction. And it may be added that Proust himself knew this perfectly well.

The magic of Vinteuil's sextet is in fact very much a prolongation of life, as Proust carefully informs us, and its spell is inseparable from enchantments out of the past. As Marcel listens, there comes back to him slowly, like a vast bulk gradually looming up through clouds of mist, that fatal scene at Montjouvain. It was the Lesbian companion of Mlle Vinteuil who had made the execution of the piece possible by disentangling, "from papers more illegible than strips of papyrus, dotted with a cuneiform script, the formula eternally true, forever fertile, of this unknown joy, the mystic hope of the crimson Angel of dawn" (*mon Dieu, quel galimatias!*); and the fineness of spirit which had enabled her to accomplish this was born of the "profound union between genius (talent, too, and even virtue) and the sheath of vices". The remoter cause of this glorious art was anomalous love and sadism; its effect, the "beatitude", "the ineffable joy of Paradise", was to remind Marcel that his mistress also had been an associate of Mlle Vinteuil's friend, and to plunge him back again into the torments of his impotent sickly jealousy.

We are entitled to ask the meaning of this paradoxical position of a writer who boasts of his art as in no sense a prolongation of life and in the same breath shows it to be rooted in one of the most concrete of animal passions. First of all we are justified, I think, in taking it as confirmation of the view that the ways of the symbolist and the realist in fiction are merely accidental diversions on the main road of naturalism. But for an explanation of the peculiar straddling achieved by Proust we are pointed back to that horror of the void which confronts the self-liberated soul. As a symbolist he sees the solid fabric of life constantly dissolving into sentiment; and sentiment for him is only another name for the stream of sensations floating up from some dark centre of the subconscious under the sway of accidental associations, ungoverned by the will, controlled by no faculty of selection, never solidifying into action. One thing within this field of sentiment might seem to lend order to these chaotic sequences, imposing upon them a semblance of static calm by linking the sensation that has been with the ever newly arising sensation—memory. A good deal has been written about Proust's philosophy of memory, which in the main he borrowed from Bergson; and the very titles of his work as a whole, *A la Recherche du temps perdu*, and of the last section of it in particular, *Le Temps retrouvé*, show how seriously he himself took this element of sentimental experience. Undoubtedly also one of the striking features of his art is the skill, amounting to genius, with which he describes the chain of recollections evoked by some trivial event or sudden observation. But in the end memory, too, becomes a factor of despair; it cannot re-create what is gone, or give present reality to what was unreal in the past, or counteract the corrosions of time.

There is a long passage of thirty odd pages in the first part of *Cities of the Plain* that touches the quick of the matter. Marcel is suffering from physical collapse, and in a state of cardiac exhaustion stoops down to take off his boots. And in the very act suddenly his bosom swells, he is filled with an unknown, divine presence; so that he shakes with sobs, and tears stream from his eyes. It is all a little absurd, and thoroughly neurotic; but for the patient very significant. The image that comes thus to his rescue is the recollected face of his grandmother—the only person in the whole story, it may be said, for whom he has a quite normal affection. So by the power of memory the being that he was as child and youth under her benign influence, the being that might have gained itself by losing itself in another, seems to be recaptured. He vows to cling to this sentiment as to a plank caught in a boundless sea of waves—and then follows the deadly destruction of analysis. What is memory? It resolves into strange incompatible impressions of survival and obliteration, an agonizing synthesis of resuscitation and annihilation, an incomprehensible contradiction of possession and loss, a "crown of thorns". At the last memory acts as a solvent that merges our waking into our sleeping state; it offers a dream cloud and nothing solid upon which the imagination can lay hold: "There is no great difference between the memory of a dream and the memory of a reality."

This vaunted philosophy of memory is no more than a "recoil in horror" from what Proust elsewhere calls the "fragmentary and gradual death that interpolates itself throughout the whole course of our life", our reliance upon it only a part of the futile "plaint of those most humble elements of the personality which are about to disappear", forever swallowed up in the vast backward and abysm of time. It is all vain. The great fear remains. The symbolist's hope of dispelling illusion by a thinner illusion, or of attaining solidity by rolling vapour upon vapour, is itself an illusion of adolescence, a fantastic dream like Ixion's of embracing heaven in a cloud, from which the awakening is into a hell of self-pursuing torture:

> *Volvitur Ixion et se sequiturque fugitque.*

The life of Proust himself, the lives of the romantics through the past century, are evidence.

The whole content of Marcel's memory is coloured, as we know, by that early scene at Montjouvain; and this is indicative of the way in which Proust mingles realism with symbolism in his treatment of the fundamental—certainly at least for him fundamental—theme of fiction. Debarred by his naturalistic limitations from finding anything real in the ethical sanctions of love he is driven in his search for reality down through the superimposed layers of sentiment to the basic fact of animal desire. And we can follow the descent step by step. He cannot stop with that attraction between a man and any chosen woman, which is the simplest form of the passion we call "love", since this enhancement of the individual object desired is the illusory work of the imagination. As he says: "This love of ours, in so far as it is love for one particular creature, is not perhaps a very real thing." He cannot stop with the more promiscuous desire of man for woman, since there is still in this instinctive emotion a tendency to hamper itself with the unreal conventions of society. And so he reaches down to the lust of the invert as coming nearest to the fact of pure physical pleasure uncontaminated by sentiment.

Proust's attitude towards this topic is curious and, it must be admitted, not consistent. On the one hand it evidently arouses in him an instinctive feeling of indignation, connected with a residue of traditional morality from which he has not entirely liberated himself. It is even here and there castigated as a vice—whatever a vice may be to a professed amoralist—and he has not reached the stage of frank justification held by a Gide. He often speaks of it as a left-over from an outworn civilization, and as a curse by which a few abnormal persons are plagued. The most successful portrait in all his gallery is the Baron de Charlus, in whom the slow disintegration of character under the sway of this passion has elements of true tragedy. But on the other hand it is represented as permeating society from top to bottom. Regularly when the normal attraction between man and woman is treated, the suspicion of a secret practice of this other passion by one party or the other creeps in to create jealousy if not open rupture. Practically the whole of *The Captive* and a large part of *The Sweet Cheat Gone*, as we have said, are devoted to the doubts of Marcel over his mistress Albertine and his attempts to discover whether she had been associated with the debauches of Mlle Vinteuil and her friend. Even Albertine's death does not put an end to the self-commiserations of the distracted lover; and indeed this whole section of the novel is one of the most astounding and, I must think, one of the most maudlin exhibitions of futility ever made in literature.

It is perhaps the ambiguity attached to homosexuality as at once "natural" and "unnatural" that drives the naturalist in Proust a step lower in his search for the ultimate fact. For there is yet another instinct which not only isolates anomalous desire from any sentimental waste in moral obligations, but concentrates the individual upon himself by the sadistic doubling of lust with cruelty, and wrings out the last possibility of physical sensation in the masochistic union of pleasure with pain. So we reach the rock bottom of "nature", the end of the way which is not that of the humanist. The starting point for Proust's interpretation of life was the scene at Montjouvain. The conclusion is the *Temple de l'Impudeur* maintained in Paris during the War by "the heir of so many great lords, princes of the blood or dukes", where Marcel spies upon him, now a pitiable old man, blind and paralysed, yet still to his creator a "Saint"—spies upon him chained to an iron bed and submitting to the tortures of the lash, and then. . . . So it was that M. de Charlus clung to *l'illusion de la réalité*.

Between the realistic brutality of Montjouvain and the Temple lies the vast expanse of Proust's symbolism. There is a curious naïveté in the enthusiasm of the freed prisoner who would set out upon that expanse, rejoicing in the prospect of sailing where he listeth:

> Nor doth he knew how there prevail,
> Despotic on that sea,
> Trade-winds which cross it from eternity.

To be honest with him, I think that he really does know, and his joy is a pretense to mask the great fear.

As for the other than the Proustian way which we have tracked to the bitter end, I cannot clinch what I have been trying to say better than by closing with a few words on Mr. Edmund Wilson's study of our author in *Axel's Castle.* For a clear summary of the tortuous substance of the ten (or, in the French, sixteen) volumes we are considering, the essay is all that could be desired. There is a sort of finality in Mr. Wilson's setting of the Proustian symbolism at that particular point in its progress towards "the systematic nonsense called Dadaism", where "the metaphysic implicit" in this form of art unites consciously with the explicit metaphysic of relativism.

> For modern physics, all our observations of what goes on in the universe are relative: they depend upon where we are standing when we make them, how fast and in what direction we are moving–and for the Symbolist, all that is perceived in any moment of human experience is relative to the person who perceives it, and to the surroundings, the moment, the mood. The world becomes thus for both fourth dimensional–with Time as the fourth dimension. . . . And, as in the universe of Whitehead, the "events", which may be taken arbitrarily as infinitely small or infinitely comprehensive, make up an organic structure, in which all are interdependent, each involving every other and the whole; so Proust's book is a gigantic dense mesh of complicated relations: cross-references between different groups of characters and a multiplication of metaphors and similes connecting the phenomena of infinitely varied fields–biological, zoological, physical, aesthetic, social, political, and financial.

That is excellently well put, and it may be confirmed by Proust's own statement, in *The Past Recap-*

tured, of his theory of art as an attempt to stay the relativism of Time in the static present of Memory. It does something also to explain why so tedious a work (certainly tedious as a whole) is taken excitedly as a sort of gospel for the day by those minds which are bounded by the circle of modernism. And Mr. Wilson is equally clear in his perception of the outcome of such a philosophy. "We begin to be willing", he says, "to agree with Ortega y Gasset that Proust is guilty of the medieval sin of *accidia*, that combination of slothfulness and gloom which Dante represented as an eternal submergence in mud. For *A la Recherche du temps perdu*, in spite of all its humour and beauty, is one of the gloomiest books ever written." Nor is there any doubt in Mr. Wilson's mind as to what underlies this gloom. "We begin", he continues, "to feel less the pathos of the characters than the author's appetite for making them miserable. (There is in fact no real pathos in Proust.) And we realize that the atrocious cruelty which dominates Proust's world, in the behaviour of the people in the social scenes no less than in the relations of the lovers, is the hysterical sadistic complement to the hero's hysterical masochistic passivity. What, we ask, is the matter with Proust?"

What indeed is the matter with Proust? It is not, Mr. Wilson assures us, his lack of insight into the moral issues of life. He is a great moralist and has in this respect much in common with George Eliot. (This, be it observed, of an author who derives the moral fineness of his most human character, Robert de Saint Loup, from his servitude to a wretched prostitute–as George Eliot would have done!) The fault is not any weakness of the imagination or intellect, for "imaginatively and intellectually Proust is prodigiously strong". It is rather that he represents the furthest outpost of the symbolistic movement as a reaction against nineteenth-century naturalism, and that nothing further can be expected of this literature which has undertaken to build up a "world of the private imagination in isolation from the life of society"; art for art's sake has brought us to the great vacuum. Back to the "life of society" literature must come, or perish of inanity. And what the life of society means to Mr. Wilson we know from an article of his in *The New Republic* for January 14, 1931, which is in fact a kind of epilogue to *Axel's Castle*. Our whole industrial organization has broken down, he declares, and the only escape from a complete *débâcle* is in Marxian communism of the Russian stamp or in something still more audacious. Against the critics of Marxian materialism he avers that their predictions of catastrophe are based "only on an assumption of the incurable swinishness and inertia of human nature".

So a sympathetic reader of Proust would escape the horror of the void which lies at the end of the Proustian philosophy of symbolism. But is there no other way?

I would maintain, in the first place, that Mr. Wilson is wrong in describing symbolism as a revolt from nineteenth-century naturalism. It is a revolt from the realistic way of naturalism merely to another way of the same broad movement. And this explains why the revolt, unable to create any reality of its own, and unable to escape the narrow bounds that circumscribe both ways, turns back in the end to the grossest realism. These airy imaginings of metaphor and simile are really no more than vapours floating up from the abyss of the subconscious where nature lies embedded in the double slime of hysterical sadism and hysterical masochism. The vapours melt away in the infinite void, and we have left only "nature".

And I think Mr. Wilson only plunges more deeply into the vicious circle when he proclaims a way of escape by exchanging the individualistic naturalism of Proust for the communistic naturalism of Marx. If there is any healing for our sickness it is by taking another way, which is unknown to the symbolist and holds to a reality quite different from that of the realist. Its rejection of the Marxian gospel of economics is not based on an assumption of the incurable swinishness and inertia of humanity, and its hope does not imply that the so-called industrial ethics is competent of itself to cure the ills of an industrial civilization. It believes, rather, that men must be brought once more to feel their responsibility to a law within nature but not of nature in the naturalistic sense of the word. It is because Mr. Wilson and his kind can see no reality in this something not of nature, and will grant no inalienable authority to its commands, that, seeking reality, they fly distractedly from admiration of Proust to admiration of Marx.

The Day of the Lord

G. K. CHESTERTON

IN THE New Year Encyclical which the Editor of the London *Sunday Express* delivered *urbi et orbi* on the first of the year, the faithful might find and reverently read the following paragraph:

> If the world in 1933 obeys Jesus there will be no more hunger or want. The world slump will be ended. The wheels of credit, exchange, labour, and trade will go round again.

Infandum renovare dolorem! A mere touch, and those wheels will go round again, those wheels we all, with such childish joy and innocence, loved to see going round. Those wheels that grind the faces of the poor; those wheels that deafened the children in the first factories; those wheels that throw a thousand men out of work; those wheels that stun and stupefy even the men who are in work; those wheels that were the weapons, in an endless civil war, of those lawless lords who "laid upon the toiling millions a yoke little better than slavery itself"; those wheels that have now for a hundred years roared around a blind giant who found himself truly, in Milton's words, "eyeless, in Gaza; at a mill, with slaves". But there are other promises even brighter and more hopeful than that of the slavery of Samson. Credit will return; the cosmopolitan system of credit, by which universal usury was like a giant with a hundred hands on a hundred throats, throttling the honour and liberty of a hundred nations. Exchange will return, and return to its old place, which is of course the first place in the human hierarchy; the kingdom and the power and the glory shall again belong to men who can only exchange; who cannot do anything else except exchange; who have not the wits or the force or fancy or freedom of mind or even the humour and patience to bring anything into existence; who can only barter and bargain, and generally cheat, with the things that manlier men have made. These shall again be our princes and captains; and the men who only make things and grow things and produce things shall be led captive in chains behind them, as of old. Labour will return, as the servant of exchange; but the men who can perform the conjuring-tricks of exchange quickly enough will never need to do any labour at all; and will once more reach the loftiest order of millionaires without having ever done a stroke of work in their lives; except talking into telephones and having hurried conversations with stockbrokers. For this was the very principle of that divine Boom, which has now been for a time followed by the diabolic Slump. And it seems clear, in this particular scripture or oracle, that when the world slump is ended, the world boom will begin again. Trade will return, and resume its task of putting the trade mark on everything, even on the sky. It will go on with renewed energy to fill the very vault of heaven with the names of filthy medicines to cure foul diseases; destroying at a stroke the visionary mediaeval dogma that the heavens are incorruptible. It will turn the whole country into a suburb with bill-boards instead of houses; and teach everybody Salesmanship, which is the culture of cads. It will bring back to us all these beautiful things: the admiration for boasts; the acceptance of bribes; the worship of the world's luckiest liars or most distinguished double-crossers who have somehow landed on the Lido instead of Devil's Island; it will bring us back the complete rule of the few, the wealthy, and the unworthy, as our great reward . . . always supposing, of course, that the world obeys Jesus.

It seems quite possible, and even probable, that it had not even so much as dawned on this writer that there is another view of the case. I suppose he would be quite surprised if I told him that the one gleam of light, the one glimpse of hope, in all this darkness and despair, is the fact that it is just possible that we have seen the end of that abominable prosperity, and that those accursed things will not return; that credit will not return, to enable a money-lender in New York to ruin a countryside in Roumania; that exchange will not return, in the guise of a triumphant huckster and middleman, cheating the craftsman with bad wages or the customer with bad goods; that labour will not return in the familiar form of slave-labour and every trade will no longer be a branch of the slave trade. There is only one really cheerful element in the situation; and that is that there really is a very good chance that these solid, practical, business-like things are dead for ever; that men will never really trust them again, having tried them and found whither they lead; and that they no longer have the power to help us, even if we were fools enough to let them try. There is only one good thing about the Slump; and that is that it may stop men from trusting again in the Boom. The one endurable aspect of Unemployment is that it may possibly call a halt for the full comprehension of the more subtle horrors of Employment; especially that highly paid and heavily organized employment of which men like Mr. Ford were boasting, before the judgement struck them out of the sky. When all the promises of mere traders are perforce broken, when all the praises of mere trade have perforce become a jest, when all that was called practical has turned out to be a practical joke, and all that was called modern is in ruins more useless than Stonehenge—then, there is a very real psychological possibility that men may think of things forgotten; of property, of privacy, of piety in the old sense of reverence for the human sanctities; for the family, from the hearthstone to the headstone. If once men understood that London Bridge is really and truly broken down, they may possibly learn to swim, or learn to row, or learn to paddle their own canoes; or even, in the case of some strange poets or saints such as the world has known, learn to be reasonably happy even on their own side of the river. But for those to whom the paddling of all the little canoes of private property seems like primitive savagery, to those who are never happy anywhere, except in preparing to travel very rapidly somewhere else, to them I can only speak in words of more doubtful comfort. I would not introduce the greatest of names quite so lightly as does the *Sunday Express*, but I can refer its prophets to a minor prophet, somewhere in the Old Testament, who uttered these strange and somewhat disturbing words: "Woe unto you that desire the Day of the Lord. Wherefore should you desire the Day of the Lord? It is darkness and not light."

The Principles of the Corporate State

Harold Goad

After some ten years of successful development in Italy the Corporate State may surely be regarded as one of the two most important political experiments of recent times. Hitherto far too little attention has been paid to it in England and America, whereas excessive interest has constantly been shown in the apparently unsuccessful political experiment of Communism in Russia. From Italy we today have far more to learn than from Russia, if only for the reason that the Italian race is far nearer to our own in temperament, civilization, and historical tradition.

It is above all necessary to begin an account of the machinery of the Corporate State by carefully distinguishing it from the general movement of the Fascist Revolution, and the institutions arising out of that revolution, such as the "Fascist Party", with its closely-knit hierarchy depending from the Grand Fascist Council as from a sort of General Staff. This "Fascist Party" is little more today than an honourable order of those who from the first supported the Revolution. Similarly, combatant Fascist bands, that fought down the Communists, have long ago been converted into the National Militia. The Special Tribunal for the trial of political offences under the law for the defence of the State may also be included among these revolutionary institutions; and here one should remember that the recent Amnesty has released the majority of the condemned. Again, the so-called "censorship", or control of the Press, is gradually relaxing with the growth of the new association of responsible journalists. The dictatorship of Signor Mussolini is the coping-stone of these emergency institutions, and it is in these institutions that the dictatorship principally resides today. But the Corporate State is rapidly removing the need for these essentially revolutionary institutions, which must for this reason be carefully studied to be distinguished from the permanent Constitutional machinery.

It is under the shelter of this framework of the revolutionary institutions, and assisted by the great wave of patriotic inspiration, that this new Constitution has been developed from certain industrial beginnings, unique, original, organic. But it is essentially independent of these institutions, and it should be studied apart from them, because it contains many elements and devices that are of universal application, well adapted to contemporary industrial conditions.

Let us glance first at the origins of the industrial machinery from which the Corporate State developed.

In the economic chaos that followed upon the War, when the constant fall in value of the currency made frequent readjustment of wages and prices inevitable, lock-outs and strikes became so chronic as to threaten to destroy the productive power of the nation, and to deprive it of the means of sustenance. In consequence, certain groups emerged, consisting of both employers and employed, landlords and peasants, which pooled their common interests, forming together what were then known as "mixed syndicates"; and these latter differed from one another in the various provinces, both in construction and political colour. The chief characteristic of such groups was that they utterly rejected all internecine strife, such as strikes and lock-outs, and also the folly of class war. Each syndicate considered problems of prices, marketing, profits, and so forth, which primarily concerned the employers, as well as those of wages, hours of work, and labour conditions, which primarily concerned the employees. These syndicates were so successful that they soon became the predominant factor in Italian industry, and absorbed, or froze out of existence, the old pre-War political trade unions. After the March on Rome these syndicates claimed from the government of Signor Mussolini recognition, and the establishment of official labour courts to deal with all disputes that they could not settle within themselves. This was granted by the Government under special conditions; for instance, that advantages gained in all such settlements should be applicable to the whole category of workmen engaged in the same occupation, that the syndical fees should not exceed one day's pay in a year, and that no dispute could be brought into court until all direct means of settlement were exhausted. Next, an elaborate industrial hierarchy for the whole nation was created, local workmen's syndicates being built up into associations of syndicates, associations and national associations, on the one hand, and local employers' associations were formed into federations and national federations on the other; there were six of each kind in all, and they were finally brought together in pairs under government control in six great government organs known as National Corporations, which represented the six principal divisions of national production. A seventh similar organ was afterwards created to embody the syndicates of professional workers.

These National Corporations are joined together in the National Council of Corporations representing all the economic interests in the country—a sort of economic general staff—and in a special Ministry of Corporations, which is one of the most important offices of State. Each Corporation deals with all problems comprised in its component group, often delegating its authority, moreover, to Provincial Councils, whose regulations have legal force. These Provincial Councils regulate and confirm all labour contracts between workmen and employers according to the model contracts recognized in each category, and this whether the contracting parties are members of the recognized syndicates or not. Thus every contract between a wage-earner and an employer throughout the whole nation is public, and must conform to the standard set up in the model contract, and every workingman, as well as every employer, has a definite legal status in the national system, and legal redress in the case of grievance or injustice. All "sweating" or other form of exploitation is eliminated, and the syndicates are responsible for the quality of the work done by their members. In this way the Italian workman today is probably in a better position than any other workingman in Europe.

But it is of even greater importance to notice that the Corporations and their delegations in the Provincial Councils are legislative bodies within their own sphere; they can initiate industrial policy, make statutory legislation, and see that their decrees are carried out, with appeals to the Labour Courts only in cases of insoluble disagreement. Moreover, each Corporation is responsible for the insurance against unemployment, and it therefore has a real responsibility towards the many members that compose it.

This is perhaps the most significant feature so far as foreign students of the Corporate State are concerned. Under a parliamentary democracy organizations representing employers or employed have little incentive to reach agreement with each other and in practice are invariably occupied in attempting to bring over the independent chairman and any independent members there may be to their point of view. The reason for this, of course, is that their bodies have no legislative powers, that all responsibility rests on the central government which in the long run will have to foot the bill by means of a subsidy, tariffs, restriction of imports, bounties on exports, and so on, should the recommendation prove beyond the capacity of the industry to bear without State assistance. The position of autonomous responsibility enjoyed by the corporations under the Italian Constitution should in theory and does in practice produce a totally different atmosphere.

For the same reasons the Central Legislative body, that is to say the Corporate Chamber, which we shall shortly proceed to describe, consisting as it does of active representatives of employers and employed, is everywhere admitted to be impartial.

Further, representatives of workmen and employers are brought into intimate contact with one another in Provincial Inter-syndical Committees, and in various National Institutes for the promotion or welfare of some particular trade or industry. There is, for instance, a National Milk Institute for the standardization and improvement of milk, cheese, and all other lactive products; a National Bread Institute; a National Wine Institute; a National Silk Institute; a National Institution for "Tourism", and another for all kinds of entertainments. In all such institutions, as in the Inter-syndical Committees, questions of wages, compensations, and fully-paid holidays, which might divide workmen and employers into rival camps, are discussed together with larger problems, such as marketing, capitalization, division of profits, and the social, as well as economic, welfare of the employed. Thus Capital and Labour, mutually hostile in other countries, are brought into constant co-operation by a common effort for the prosperity of the industry as a whole. Community of interest is continually emphasized, and the nation is assured that no breakdown in the industrial harmony shall disturb the rhythm of productive work. This new "Industrial Constitution" is the foundation of the political Constitution.

Now the Corporate State is unquestionably a new form of Democracy—not the old democracy embodied in parliamentary representation of geographical constituencies, divided by class interest or psychological prejudice into many groups and parties, but a true unitary form of democracy in which the interests of the people, and especially of the people as producers, are duly represented in a single, patriotic corporate body which is the expression of their will; not the will or a compromise between the many wills of each separate class or personal political group, represented independently, but the will of the whole people with its divers and occasionally divergent interests patriotically conciliated and harmonized. It is this all-inclusive representative organ, known as the Corporate Chamber, which is the principal subject of our consideration, emanating as it does from the harmonization of industrial interests which has just been described.

It is perhaps as well here that we should go down to first principles, for in all controversies that excite political feeling the most important terms are used with different meanings. Now, if we postulate the ideal of Lincoln, that the word "democracy" implies "government of the people, by the people, for the people", we see that the old Italian parliamentary system was certainly not government *of* the people, for the majority of Italians despised that government, obeyed it only under compulsion, eluding its taxation, thwarting its police, and often banding themselves together to make its regulations negligible. Nor was it government *by* the people, but only by a small caucus of professional politicians, who held office through a legal pretence of parliamentary election, chiefly attained by bribery and intimidation. Still less was it government *for* the people, for whom little or nothing was done, in days when Italian social services were among the most backward of Europe.

The first principle of the Fascist theory is that all citizens are in the State and that no individual can be outside it or against it. It follows that the State cannot tolerate the grouping together of individuals for the express purpose of opposing it; the formation of Communist "cells", for example, steadily plotting to undermine its authority, to break the discipline of its soldiers, police, and civil servants, to spread disorder by exciting riots, to thwart its policy of production by fomenting strikes and destroying the laborious habits of the working classes, thus causing unnecessary poverty and additional state expenditure upon relief. Indeed, the State, in the Fascist theory, ought not to put up with even a constitutional Opposition, which deliberately withdraws its due co-operation for promoting the success of the government policy, and by artificial criticism and obstruction endeavours to promote its failure. The first duty of every citizen is to recognize that the head of his government is his representative, to whom he owes loyalty for all public actions done in the name and person of the State. In short, democracy should imply the government of the *whole* people, and be accepted and supported by all.

As for government *for* the people, the record of the present Italian régime is possibly unique in history. It is unnecessary to point to all the public works—roads, railways, land development, water and electric light supplies, workmen's dwellings, hospitals and homes, institutes for maternity and child-welfare, extension of popular education, old-age insurance, and so forth—that have been carried through during the last ten years, placing Italy, which was formerly so far behind, in the front rank of countries that are doing most for their poorer classes. By this test unquestionably the ideal of democracy is carried out completely.

Finally comes the question of government *by* the people, which must, of course, be government by representation. But how can this representation best be secured? Not by means of a special class of professional politicians, for either these will have to be drawn from a special class of men of private means—as traditionally has been the case in England—or they will have to make money by the sale of political power while they possess it, since the nature of political representation forbids permanency of employment. Moreover, as the problems that come before Parliament tend to become more and more problems of practical interest concerned with production—commerce, tariffs, currency, finance, education, in short, technical problems of great complexity and vital importance for the economic welfare of millions—it is more and more essential that all the practical interests of the nation should be represented in the Chamber. Each individual producer is more intimately allied today with others of his own trade or category than he is with other citizens who may inhabit the same district through the accident of geographical propinquity in place of residence. Therefore trade constituencies are better suited to be units of representation in the modern conditions of life than the old-fashioned regional constituencies. Trains, telephones, motor-cars, broadcasting, and the popular press have annihilated the obstacle of distance; local trade and industrial conditions are more and more tending to be merged into national or even world conditions; then why should an ancient system be perpetuated just because it was necessary before modern inventions revolutionized all social and economic life? Any educated working-man has better means of knowing the character and opinions of a leader of his own trades-union than those of some professional jack-of-all-trades politician who comes out of another sphere and class to address him at some gigantic public meeting;

any employer or professional man has real means of knowing the worth and ability of a leading member of his own group or class and deciding whether he may efficiently represent it. Moreover, most important of all, such trade representation eliminates the growing curse of choosing political candidates and political program according to party prejudice.

The system through which this object is being achieved in Italy deserves to be more widely known. Names of parliamentary candidates are put forward by every group or union to its National Confederation, of which there are thirteen representing the thirteen principal categories of producers in the country. The National Confederations select a definite number of candidates which they put forward to the Grand Fascist Council; *i.e.*, so many landlords balanced by so many agricultural workers from the two agricultural confederations; so many employers balanced by so many industrial workmen from the two confederations of industry; employers in land or sea transport balanced by railwaymen, roadmen, seamen, and so forth, with a still larger representation of professional men and independent artisans. Each category has the right to send in a number of names more or less proportionate to its national importance. Out of the 800 names of candidates sent up by the Confederations at the first General Election, the Grand Fascist Council chose 400 and added another 100 representative men who may have been omitted. These 500 candidates formed the National List which was set before the country to approve or reject in what was nothing more nor less than a Vote of Confidence. The proceeding is to be repeated every five years.

There is certainly no attempt to put into the Chamber 250 representatives of the working-men and 250 representatives of the employers, for that would be to resuscitate within the Chamber a class division which would contradict the whole principle of national unity. The object is to send to Parliament 500 patriotic men of experience and ability, specialists in the needs of special groups, but willing to put the needs of the country before those of any group. The number of candidates named by each group is merely a means of obtaining true representation of every class and every interest; but members are not to be regarded as possessing a mandate for a particular policy, or as being delegates of the particular group that originally nominated them. That they are specialists in one particular form of production or another merely ensures that technical knowledge on that subject should be at the service of the Chamber, when any measure is brought before it that concerns that particular subject. Each member speaks and votes entirely independently, as his personal knowledge, experience, and patriotism dictate. There are no restrictions whatever on the expression of his opinion. The natural result of this system is that every proposal or program, introduced by one of the Ministers or one of the Corporations or by a private member, is subject to any amount of criticism and often many amendments are suggested. Speeches are short and without rhetoric, often difficult for the outsider to understand when he reads them as published in the press or in the Parliamentary Bulletin, the Italian equivalent of the Congressional Record. Such speeches have little or no value for the press, which is probably why these debates are almost entirely unreported by foreign correspondents, with the result that outside Italy people seem to think that the Corporate Chamber is a mere cipher or "rubber-stamp", a passive instrument of the so-called "dictatorship". It goes without saying that even the most cursory study of the Parliamentary Bulletin would utterly explode any such misconception.

The corporate chamber has time and again criticized, amended, or remodelled ministerial measures and rendered inevitable the resignation of a minister. Perhaps the most salient example was that of the attempted amalgamation of local and national financial administration last spring; a measure of policy which excited so much unexpected regional prejudice among the deputies that in spite of the support of the Government it had to be withdrawn. Other quite important items of the ministerial program have been so much amended as to be practically annulled. We may cite the debate on Article 12 of the Constitution of the Ministry of Corporations. Indeed, it is questionable whether any Government bills brought into the House of Commons have been so drastically changed after discussion in the House as have been Italian Government measures by the Corporate Chamber. But it must always be remembered that such amendments or criticisms are always put forward in a spirit of co-operation and not of opposition or of party. The manifest intention of the critics is to improve such measures, to amend and to render them successful in the aims for which they were put forward. If such amendments, carried in the teeth of ministerial conviction, render untenable—as has often happened—the position of the Minister whose duty it will be to carry them into operation, he has no alternative but to resign. But his resignation will not deflect the policy of the government except in the particular detail wherein the official policy has been changed, and the prestige of the government as a whole will certainly not be affected.

One item of parliamentary procedure that greatly assists in the control of ministerial action by the Corporate Chamber is the Annual Report of each Ministry, in the course of which a full account of its program, with any proposed innovations, is made, generally by the Under-Secretary of the Department, and the budget of expenditure is put forward. Two days are devoted to the discussion of each program and an opportunity is given to any member or group of members to add to it or amend; the debate being wound up by the Minister, who either accepts or rejects the suggestions which, if largely supported, are referred to a commission, to be embodied eventually in a special bill. Thus the whole Government policy in every department of state comes annually up for review by the Chamber and is reported in the press for the education of the electorate. Matters of foreign policy are generally dealt with in greater detail by the Senate, rather than by the Corporate Chamber, as also are matters relating to the Crown, the Church, the Judicature, or the Colonies.

Finally, the position of the Fascist Grand Council remains to be considered. It is the chief repository of the principles of the Revolution, and also a sort of enlarged Cabinet. It meets under the chairmanship of the Head of the Government, and consists of all Ministers of State, Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber, all ex-Ministers who since 1922 have served five years in the Government, the Presidents of various national institutions, notably those of the National Corporations, and other important functionaries. From it, on the one hand, depends the whole hierarchy of the Fascist Party; on the other, it is the chief initiator of new legislation. In this second capacity, it ensures a large measure of support for any technical bill before it is introduced, though, generally speaking, its function is to lay down general principles of policy, rather than to deal with technical points.

Safeguarded by this Grand Council, and by a conservative Senate, this new form of "disciplined" or harmonized democracy, while affording a direct and ever-ready means of expression for the interests and desires of every section of the nation in the Corporate Chamber, is the only form of democracy that is really "safe for the world". Its clarity and continuity of policy avoids the grave dangers of uncertainty, vacillation, or even oscillation between extremes, which is the consequence of an alternation of parties in power. It abolishes press or popular agitation and speculation on the chances of a change of government. Moreover, the rule of the whole people *by* the whole people eliminates the possibility of subversive disorder, of waves of popular feeling or panic, and fresh revolution engineered by a discontented minority. Furthermore, and most important of all, this form of democracy includes among its governing motives of policy not only the interests of the present generation, but the historic tradition of the national purpose, and the plans and aspirations of generations that are to come.

REVIEWS

The Fate of Europe

For the past four centuries the peoples of Western Europe have dominated the affairs of the world. They have developed themselves and their soil with such energy and intelligence that nearly a quarter of the world's population is contained in a relatively small peninsula projecting from the western face of Asia. For a thousand years a distinctive culture has marked these peoples as a unit. Now Europe's leadership is challenged by every other continent, it has lost faith in its own destiny, all its inner bonds seem broken, and there is left only a little space of earth crowded with warring groups. This, in brief, is the prelude to the problem toward which Mr. Christopher Dawson addresses himself in *The Making of Europe**: What is to be the fate of Europe and what part is its civilization to play in the international society of the future?

The destruction of European dominance is not simply a result of the World War. For nearly a century the outward flow of European ideas has been mixed with a strong current of reaction. Since 1850 there has been an eager study of non-European cultures. The arts of Egypt and Mesopotamia, Persia and Islam, India and the Far East, Central America and Peru, of the Negro, the Amerindian, the South Sea peoples, have been gathered in immense collections and studied by scholars, amateurs, artists. The history

*THE MAKING OF EUROPE *by Christopher Dawson* (SHEED & WARD. $3.50) of modern European art is as much a record of the impact of non-European elements as of native development. In literature, philosophy, religion, and the social sciences the same study has been taking place. The attitude of unquestioned superiority over other cultures, breathed by every article in an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of the eighties, has disappeared and taken with it the moral foundations of European imperialism.

At the same time the old education in the humanities, which for centuries had given the educated classes a common outlook based upon common intellectual discipline, was done away with in favour of education in the local culture of each nation. The result is the bear-pit of today, in which each nation is driven by a sense of isolation from its neighbours into a frenzy of self-interest.

Mr. Dawson believes that if a divided Europe is not to destroy itself by the friction of its parts, it must recover "a common European consciousness and a sense of its historic and organic unity". He has no faith, however, in abstract internationalism. His proof that, in spite of the bristling nationalisms of today, there is an organic European unity far more deep-seated and important than the imperialism and material progress of the last four centuries, he finds in a study of the rise of European tradition in the Dark Ages. His survey of the period between Caesar's conquest of Gaul and the opening of the eleventh century is the most brilliant synthesis which has yet appeared in English.

Much work has been done since Gibbon and Mommsen traced all our civilization to Rome. The contributions of the Aramaic and Iranian East, of the Celtic and Teutonic North, have been put forward by a notable group of scholars. Yet we can still say that all which is most distinctive in Western as opposed to Oriental culture—our science and philosophy, our literature and art, our political thought and our conceptions of law and of free political institutions—comes from the Greeks. When Caesar conquered Gaul and brought continental Europe within the Mediterranean world, he completed an expansion which in three centuries had spread Hellenic culture from Turkestan to Wales. Yet within another century Christianity had begun the first of the great reactions of the Oriental mind upon the West. The full force of the Oriental influence in the making of Europe can hardly be indicated even by the line of Syrians who were Popes of Rome in the seventh century, and by the passing of the intellectual leadership of the world to Islam for more than four centuries.

This re-emergence of the East, as Hellenism shrank back within its racial borders, was completed by a reappearance of the submerged North and West. A localized agrarian life rose within the ruins of the Roman urban and imperial system. Mr. Dawson is perhaps overemphatic in suggesting that Western Europe might have followed the same course even without the intervention of barbarian invaders; the Gallic and British peasant had no such proud and ancient cultures as the peoples of the East. Yet his picture of the invasions is remarkably fair. In his evaluation of the interaction of Latin, Celtic, and Teutonic cultures, he follows a course midway between such out-and-out Romanizers as Rivoira, for whom all things derive from Rome, and Macalister or Strzygowski, who believe that the spread of Mediterranean thought and art northward prevented the rise of brilliant native cultures under the influence, if any, of the East. One may quarrel with details, but not with the general effect, of his close-packed and luminous charting of the intellectual and racial currents, Greek, Latin, Aramaic, Iranian, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavic, which swirled and eddied through ten centuries of European history.

The tradition which developed is an amalgam of four elements. First is the political tradition of Rome, which had its base in the city state; it contributed its ideas of citizenship, of the rule of law rather than of personalities, of social discipline and cohesion, as well as of imperial unity. Second is the Latin tradition of Christianity, which had assimilated the Roman sense of discipline and Greek philosophy, yet had avoided being drawn, like the Byzantine church, into the framework of a rigid political régime; independent of the state and free to develop, it had the Oriental inwardness to which the only true values were spiritual and beyond the reach of humanity's self-help, yet it retained a strong moral and social initiative. The third element is the free secular spirit of Hellenic learning, which was scientific, critical, unlimited in speculation. The conflict between its Aristotelian conception of the universe as guided by laws which are accessible to human reason, and Christian mysticism, has led to an instability in European culture which we must frankly recognize. The fourth element is the national tradition of the barbarian peoples. The moral standard of their tribal society, Mr. Dawson rightly points out, was far higher than its material standard. Its ideal of loyalty to a personal leader furnished one base for feudalism. Its non-realistic art carried a prodigiously fertile strain into the Middle Ages. Further, the heroic pessimism of its thought made the highest human victory a moral victory. Roland, Beowulf, Odin himself, the northern hero was always doomed to final defeat and found his triumph in the courage with which he met his fate.

Of all these elements, hardly one is to be found intact today. The Roman ideal of political unity was changed by the Middle Ages into that of a confederacy of free states, presided over by Emperor and Pope, and disappeared with the Renaissance. Religious unity vanished "when the Papacy became completely Italianized and the peoples of the North ceased to be Catholic". Chivalry, the union of Christianity with the Nordic heroic tradition, died with Bayard. Since that time the humanism of Hellenic thought has had its sway and gone. What is there left?

The internationalism of the League of Nations Mr. Dawson dismisses as lacking historic basis. That economics can afford some measure of unity is of course clear to one who has traced so well in the past the variations of the ideal of unity under the pressure of fact. Our age has seen the tariff of log-rolling groups within the United States affect the economy of every part of the earth, from Siberia to the Argentine; it has seen a bank failure in Austria end in South Africa's leaving the gold standard and every bank closing in the United States. But Mr. Dawson, one gathers, distrusts the unity that could be built on this basis, although he does not touch on the question at length.

One other phase of the European tradition needs further analysis. Mr. Dawson links the idea of citizenship with private property and the idea of the subject with state socialism. Citizenship undoubtedly rose in the free cities of Greece; it is perhaps true that the Roman Emperors learned to think in terms of absolutism from the example of the eastern monarchies and especially from Egypt, which was the greatest ancient example of state socialism. Modern events, however, are putting the connection to the test. We have an obvious breakdown of citizenship under capitalism; on the other hand there is a serious attempt to create citizenship through collectivism. A more extended analysis of so important a point would have much to contribute to the problems of today, and we may hope that Mr. Dawson will give it to us elsewhere.

What then of the unity of Europe? Europe remains an organic economic unit in spite of the localism of small business men and politicians. There is evidence in its science and its art that it remains an organic mental unit. Our age has seen, in the disintegration of the Renaissance tradition, the welling up of ancient racial sources—the pure Mediterranean tradition in Maillol and Cézanne; in Nolde and Barlach, the world of the berserk and the monster Grendel haunting the misty moors. Yet it is one of the basic truths of art history that Europe has been an organic unity from the Middle Ages to the 1930's. If the future of Europe is in the assertion of its unity, the problem is one of self-realization. The restatement of its tradition—its compromise between the reign of law and discipline and the realization that the ultimate values lie in the individual human soul, its respect for the dignity of the individual based upon the moral courage that is our inheritance from Bayard, and the rational intelligence that is our heritage from Greece—that is a task for the intelligence of the twentieth century.

E. P. RICHARDSON

The Rise of the American City

WITH the appearance of Mr. Schlesinger's *The Rise of the City*,* the twelve-volume *History of American Life*, a notable project edited by Dixon Ryan Fox and Mr. Schlesinger himself, is three-fourths accomplished. One can now begin to reflect on the rewards and disasters that attend an ambitious effort to write the history of a country in terms of its manners. In the earlier volumes the rewards are plain. To a generation that has lost its sense of the continuity of its culture, the wars and politics of earlier periods lack intelligibility; the manners have to be documented, so that history may again seem organic. To the skeptical it then looks at least as consistent as fiction, for its motives are restored by being circumstantially displayed. Even this much concession to the reality of tradition is a little surprising in modern historians, whose economic bias tempts them to be the Roger Babsons of a new social order rather than scientific observers or philosophic students of a social inheritance. Nevertheless, they can succeed fairly well in reconstituting the manners of the remote past; for it

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*THE RISE OF THE CITY, 1878-1898 *by Arthur Meier Schlesinger* (MACMILLAN. $4.00) is easy to be impartial where the issues seem academic, and, besides, the sources of information have been well sifted.

But the issues of the near past are not academic, and the sources of information are far from being well sifted. That is the danger in a volume like Mr. Schlesinger's. The problems of the two decades from 1878 to 1898 are the problems of 1933 on a somewhat less magnificent scale. And Mr. Schlesinger, for all his sober devotion to research, can be only a shade more impartial in writing of 1878 than if he were writing of 1928. For that time, as for our own, the historian must perilously choose between a progressive account and a conservative account of the turn of events or the quality of life in New York or the South or the West. The hazards of the choice are increased by the certainty that the historian's own mind is bound to be coloured by the temper of his surroundings. For example, it is not surprising that Mr. Schlesinger, neglecting much else, likes to interpret the South of the seventies and eighties in the light of that loud paean of progressivism, *The South in the Building of the Nation.* One recalls his dislike for Claude Bowers's *The Tragic Era*, a few years ago–it was too political and heroical for an economic historian who was sure the carpet-bag governments ultimately represented the forces of sweetness and light. The author of *New Viewpoints in American History* is not going to be very hospitable to any old viewpoints that may have lasted up to the explosion of the *Maine.*

That is to say, we are here on controversial ground, not on the firm path of established history. There is no objection at all to being on controversial ground, and Mr. Schlesinger is entitled to his interpretation if he can establish it. But it is a little disturbing to realize that this particular volume is about to be made accessible to students and casual readers under exactly the same assurance of authority and historical dignity that accompanies Wertenbaker's *The First Americans* and Adams's *Provincial Society*, in the same series. Actually they are a different kind of book; they have about the same degree of authenticity, compared with Mr. Schlesinger's, as exists between the reconstructed Mt. Vernon and the current Sunday edition of the New York *Times*.

Yet when taken as an isolated study and viewed with the caution that Mr. Schlesinger's predilections inspire, *The Rise of the Cities* has merit and usefulness enough. After all Mr. Schlesinger is a distinguished historian. According to his lights he has documented and brought into a coherent pattern the years which Thomas Beer and Holbrook Jackson handled too saucily. Those years of reputed gilt and rococo were also years of rough movement and vast contention. They deserve the serious contemplation that Mr. Schlesinger is bold enough to initiate. As an editor's foreword points out, his desire very properly is to do more than display the furniture of the period (though he does that, too). His theme is the struggle between rural and urban America. His protagonist is the city, his antagonist the country. Though a little too complacent in declaring the victory of the city final, he draws the lines of a pattern which the less complacent will do well to study—and rectify or fill in if they can.

Naturally the chapters on "The Lure of the City" and "The Urban World", and the surveys of the advances made in educational systems and in science contain Mr. Schlesinger's best work. The cities were waxing great in those years; they were raiding Jeffersonian America from their citadels of accumulated wealth, and putting on the farm population the stamp of "hayseed"—the 1890 equivalent of "yokel". The facts of urban growth have a massiveness that compels attention, and it is easy to chart population changes, improvements in traffic and sewage, architecture, philanthropy, the upsurge of industrialism, the splendour of the Columbian Exposition, and the details, sordid or exciting, of the new city life. Mr. Schlesinger is less at ease among the more diffuse and debatable facts of country life which make up his necessary parallel. His chapter on the New South contains both penetration and error. He records accurately the defection of the planter class into industrial pursuits and the subdivision of plantations into farms; but he over-estimates the numbers and importance of both planters and "poor whites", being misled, I am sure, by the unreliability of the secondary sources which he profusely employs. In his account of the Great West, where changes proceeded on broad and simple lines, he is quite at home; but in the sections where the interplay between old traditions and new forces was more complicated he falls short of reality.

In general, one cannot admire too much the skill with which the mosaic is put together out of its thousand details. The meaning of the picture—the rather forced conclusion—is another matter. That meaning, Mr. Schlesinger thinks, is found in "the momentous shift of the center of national equilibrium from the countryside to the city" and in the "new sentiment of national unity" that accompanied it. The defect of this conclusion ought to be obvious. In the years after 1898, whose backward light Mr. Schlesinger does not utilize, the furious shift from farms to cities was compensated by a "back to the country" movement that sent land values up; and still later the cycle was again repeated. Possibly the victory of the city is not yet as decisive as Mr. Schlesinger holds. Nor is the tendency toward national unity any more settled. The late Frederick Jackson Turner held the contrary; we are becoming more sectional, even while we become more centralized, he argues in *The Significance of the Sections*. But Turner was of one historical school; Mr. Schlesinger is of another. One sees how hard it is for impartiality to prevail, even while one asks what sop Mr. Schlesinger has thrown to his conscience. The layman is left in outer darkness, hoping that in one of the two schools, or between them, is truth.

DONALD DAVIDSON

The Modern Theme

WHEN *The Revolt of the Masses* was finally published in the United States, early last fall, and had what was, for a difficult book, a sufficiently remarkable sale, it obviously occurred to its British and American publishers that another book from Señor Ortega y Gasset was in order. They therefore selected a short volume which—perhaps became of its title—seemed attractive. *The Modern Theme** is, however, so specialized that one may doubt whether many readers will have the resilience to survive its first chapter.

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*THE MODERN THEME *by José Ortega y Gasset* (NORTON. $2.00)

There were numerous critics—among them the present reviewer—who acclaimed *The Revolt of the Masses* as a book which everyone with any pretension to intellectual curiosity must take into account. It was remarkable chiefly for its brilliant analysis of the mass mind—of the intemperate, undisciplined mind, builded on the material gifts of industrialism, and arising from the attendant vast increase in European populations. Many of the phenomena of our modern world were treated perspicuously and briefly, and only Marxists (whose feelings the book must have hurt) could fail to agree in large measure with its findings.

Would that *The Modern Theme* lived up to the promise implicit in its American predecessor. Yet to expect as much would perhaps be unfair. *El Tema de nuestro tiempo* was published in Spain in 1924—almost ten years ago, and six years before *La Rebelión de las masas.* A great deal can happen—especially to a philosopher's point of view—in six years; and perhaps the most charitable explanation of *The Modern Theme* is to assume that it was written before Ortega took his journey along his particular Road to Damascus.

This book sets out primarily to be an explication of Ortega's epistemology. There is no doubt that in making the problem of knowledge the central problem of philosophy—and, indeed, of history—Ortega shows a proper realization of its importance. Unfortunately, the almost universal adherence, in American intellectual circles, to a purely relativistic epistemology, either explicit or implicit, has had the double effect of driving our best minds away from the Temple of Athene into the market place and of vitiating almost all the abstract thinking done in America in the last twenty years. Indeed it could be said—more of America than of any other Western country—that our philosophers have killed philosophy and made even the most specious of rayons—the most tasteless of cheap music—let alone "robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye," seem preferable to a single volume, however sumptuously bound, of the works of Aristotle.

But Ortega will not take the bull by the horns. There is obvious strength in the relativist position. Let us then be relativists—but let us not therefore suppose that what we know is any less true because it differs from what someone else knows. Indeed, he argues, this very difference is presumptive evidence that both perceptions are true—in the most absolute sense. For short of two observers both being in the same place at the same moment—which is impossible—our perceptions can be identical only if they are illusions. This analysis is rigorously investigated in the light of Einstein's approach to the problems of physical science—a brilliant interpretation which is one of several "supplementary" sections at the end of the book. In the main text this analysis allows Ortega to make a striking statement of the immanence of God:

> Malebranche used to maintain that if we know any truth at all, it is because we see phenomena through God's eyes or from God's point of view. To me the inverse seems more probable, *i.e.*, that God sees phenomena through the medium of mankind or that mankind is the visual organ of divinity.

All this is well enough as an intellectual justification of the reality of our physical perceptions, and it is a breath of fresh air in the midst of all the musty doubts concerning the reality of physical phenomena which are our legacy from Bishop Berkeley. But for practical men, Dr. Johnson had long ago given the sufficient, if unfair, refutation to idealism, and indeed to relativism as well, although the finest flowers of the latter were to bloom after the good Doctor's death. But the practical man has come to be disturbed in another and more important province—the province of values. For here, despite all the reassurances of the world's Poor Richards, the stone in Fleet Street is no criterion. Somehow it takes a great deal of thought to make honesty the best policy, and if it is not, why then is honesty of more value than its opposite?

Herein lies the whole much vexed question of standards. Modern philosophy has carefully disintegrated the modern man's faith in absolute standards, and without that faith, he finds himself lost. Ortega's resolution of this problem is, in my opinion, no solution. He says:

> If the nature of values is analysed a little further, we shall find that they possess certain characters alien from real qualities. It is essential, for instance, for every value to be positive or negative; there is no middle term. Justice is a positive value: *the acts of perceiving it and esteeming it are identical.* Injustice, on the other hand, is also a value, but a negative one; our perception of it is *actually a condemnation of it.* [italics mine]

This is merely to say that we condemn that which we see as worthy of condemnation: that we praise that which seems worthy of praise. It offers no refuge to the man who questions the very basis of all judgements, the very truth of the concept of judgement itself.

Interwoven with the more strictly epistemological portion of *The Modern Theme* is an extremely ingenious philosophy of history—but like even the best philosophies of history, it leaves out of consideration those things which vitiate it, while at the same time casting great light on one's interpretation of the past. Henry Adams's sources of power may seem insufficient and abstract when we get back to the documents, but they serve to illumine a great and puzzling difference—precisely the difference between the dynamo and the Virgin of Chartres.

Ortega's historical pattern takes into account the findings of anthropology, and applies them not merely to the macrocosm of all human history, but to the microcosm of each racial cycle in the historic process. He sees every race beginning to build up its strength during a period which faces a past golden age—a period essentially of tradition; and then, its heritage created, by a peculiar paradox it begins to scorn tradition; it discovers pure reason and individualism, and it dissipates the energies of the past in a glorious epoch of revolution. It is this epoch of which we hear in most recorded history, for it is this epoch which is self-conscious enough to see value in history. But its most glorious discovery—the rise of the reason—is the very germ of this "cultural" period's destruction, for the reason, in its essential Utopianism, more and more withdraws from life, from history. We begin to get the manufactured constitutions of Athens, of nineteenth-century France, of all truly revolutionary societies. The result is invariably chaos, for the very nature of a rational faith is to be inhuman. Thus, in the cycle of history, reason destroys the sanctions of tradition and life destroys the sanctions of reason. Man becomes thoroughly disillusioned; life reasserts itself, and, unbridled by tradition or reason, ends in the fiddling of Nero while Rome burns.

Obviously we are at the beginning of the last stage of the cycle of our civilization, and here Ortega becomes a little obscure. In a three-page "Epilogue on the Mental Attitude of Disillusion" he depicts what is likely to be our fate:

> The debased mind is incapable of offering resistance to destiny, and turns to superstitious practices in the hope of propitiating hidden powers. . . . In short, the spirit of the time, being incapable of maintaining itself in equilibrium by its own unaided efforts, searches for some spar that will save it from the wreck, and examines its environment with the anxious and cringing look of a dog, hoping it may find someone to help it.

Strangely enough, Ortega himself, earlier in the book, has sought his spar and found it in a peculiar vitalism, which sets up as its great masterpiece Napoleon Bonaparte, who is to be taken as typical of that life which in its own high achievement of vitality—*i.e.*, of life unsubject to external criteria—is sufficient unto itself. Yet we are to assume that this purely vital criterion is to exist coevally with—and complementarily to—the older criteria: the true, the good, the beautiful, which are now, through the effects of two centuries of rationalism, so far removed from life and history that their sole profession inevitably smacks of cant and hypocrisy. Just how this strange mating is to take place, Ortega does not tell us. For it is precisely an attempt to consummate this union which has, as much as rationalism, made us lose faith in ultimate standards. The only logical choice left open to us is a more fundamental revision of our theory of knowledge to admit absolute, super-vital criteria, or else complete submission to that vitalism for which Ortega has himself, unwittingly, coined the most apposite—and the most timely—phrase: "Perhaps the name that best suits the spirit that comes into being beyond the sunset of revolution is the term, spirit of slavery."

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

The Bishop of Everywhere's Bull

THIS latest book* from the hand of Bernard Shaw appears, on first glance, to be a radical departure for him. The very thin, very black volume opens upon no preface, but upon narrative prose, on an allegory. The prose is outdone in black-and-white explicitness by the woodcuts of John Farleigh. No preface; no play; illustrations. Surely Mr. Shaw has entered a new phase.

The most superficial examination, however, shows that the book is in the straight line of the author's work. Even the preface is there; though in this book it follows the main text, it is none the less a typical Shaw preface. The ideas, many of them, we have met before, most similarly in *Androcles and the Lion*. The brilliance, the blindness, the unscrupulous taking of points by misrepresenting the spirit in an unjustified

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*THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK GIRL IN HER SEARCH FOR GOD *by Bernard Shaw* (DODD, MEAD. $1.50) insistence on the literalness of the letter—all these things are Shaw as he has always shown himself. Only the form of this fable differs from his famous plays.

Turning, then, first (from long habit) to the postscript preface of the book, we find Mr. Shaw's present thesis to be that, not the Bible, but the supernatural awe in which the Bible is held, must be demolished. There is not a moment to lose; at any time another war may be upon us, and a fanatic in war-time is a thousand times more dangerous than a reasonable man. It was bad enough, says Mr. Shaw, when the fanatic was armed with a sling-shot and the delusion that Jehovah was on his right hand; consider, then, what it will mean when the fanatic can operate from a bombing-plane. It is obviously impossible to take his bombs away from him. Let us take away his Bible.

But gently, reasonably. Mr. Shaw has a program. He is, he says, a sort of Bishop of Everywhere, and he suggests to his cure of souls that they proceed by getting the Bible out of the clouds and down to earth, there to consider it like rational beings for what it is. And he himself publishes the first little tract of the Society for the Suppression of Religious Credulity in the shape of this surprisingly naïve allegory, *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God.*

The Black Girl was converted by a—need one say it?—neurotic lady missionary. The missionary was less successful in answering the questions of her charge's dawning intelligence than she was in the work of conversion. So the Black Girl goes to find God, equipped only with innumerable questions and a knobkerry. Now a knobkerry is an argumentative device of exactly the same value as a shillelagh. Its users seldom recognize in it a two-edged sword; because it is unanswerable in the literal sense they incline to trust it to silence even immortal ideas. The Black Girl gets to the point of putting her knobkerry aside: not so her author. He lays about him to the last page.

At any rate, off goes the Black Girl and meets, first, a roaring, thundering, blood-thirsty God, the God of Moses. A few embarrassing questions and a threat with the knobkerry do for him, and the first five books of the Bible which she is carrying as a *vade mecum* crumble and blow away in dust. The sneering, bullying God of Job goes just as easily. Thereafter she meets the Preacher of Ecclesiastes, Micah (a good fellow in spite of his size-six nose), a Roman legionary, Pavlov—of all people—and Christ. The Black Girl and Mr. Shaw quite like him, at least till he gets to talking too much nonsense about the importance of love. At that point black Bernardine moves on, past a crowd of jigging men with cardboard churches on their backs, into a wrangling expedition of scientists, past an aesthete's workshop (where she again meets "the conjuror", Christ, posing outstretched on a cross), and engages in a little feministic repartee with Mohammed. At last she comes to her heart's haven, the garden of Voltaire. Here she lays aside her knobkerry and goes in to garden with him in full content till Mr. Shaw climbs over the back fence. Mr. Shaw is unwillingly drafted into marriage with the heroine, but it all works out very happily. Mr. Shaw weeds the garden and the Black Girl raises coffee-coloured babies and stops worrying about God.

The end is the prefatory postscript, in which Mr. Shaw not only tells his reader just what he thinks he meant (the modesty is his) in the allegory proper, but how he was impelled to write it and what he hopes it will accomplish. The English-speaking peoples of Great Britain and North America, Mr. Shaw believes, are in a sad pass, and it is all due to the King James Version of the Bible. The translators who laboured at its magnificent and sonorous prose believed they were translating the inspired Word of God. Upheld by their delusion they produced a book of unsurpassable beauty, the rhythms and thunders of which have us still under their spell. As law, as science, as history, the Bible is stuff and nonsense. So far from being the Book of the One God, it is not even about the same God. Look, says Mr. Shaw again and again, at the discrepancies between these accounts of Jehovah! Is it likely that the tyrant demanding burnt sacrifices of Noah and the bully who sneered at Job are one and the same, to say nothing of Micah's reasonable and loving deity, and the God-made-Man of Christ? Is it not plain to the meanest intelligence that we are all victims of a fanatics' plot? No: aside from its epic beauty of language the Bible has only one virtue. It is a document for those who feel metaphysical stirrings and need a record of the evolution of the idea of God.

> But there is no surer symptom [says Mr. Shaw] of a sordid and fundamentally stupid mind, however powerful it may be in many practical activities, than a contempt for metaphysics. A person may be supremely able as a mathematician, engineer, parliamentary tactician or racing bookmaker; but if that person has contemplated the universe all through life without ever asking "What the Devil does it all mean?" he (or she) is one of those

people for whom Calvin accounted by placing them in his category of the predestinately damned.

Hence the Bible, scientifically obsolete in all other respects remains interesting as a record of how the idea of God, which is the first effort of civilized mankind to account for the existence and origin and purpose of as much of the universe as we are conscious of, develops from a childish idolatry of a thundering, earthquaking, famine striking, pestilence launching, blinding, deafening, killing, destructively omnipotent Bogey Man, maker of night and day and sun and moon, of the four seasons and their miracles of seed and harvest, to a braver idealization of a benevolent sage, a just judge, an affectionate father, evolving finally into the incorporeal word that never became flesh, at which point modern science and philosophy takes up the problem with its *Vis Naturae*, its *Élan Vital*, its Life Force, its Evolutionary Appetite, its still more abstract Categorical Imperative and what not?

Well, this we may study, taking care that we do not fall under the sway of those stirring periods of the Authorized Version. Even as late as the late War, says Mr. Shaw, we went forward feeling that Jehovah, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of Hosts ("now called big battalions", he inserts in a parenthesis, fearing, perhaps, and rightly, that even this quotation will be found too heady without the antidote of the commonplace) was on our side. But unfortunately the Germans thought so, too, and the holocaust was stupendous. (It is perhaps mean-spirited for a reviewer from the ranks of the fanatics to feel that Mr. Shaw has done himself a mischief in this admission, since presumably the Germans were uncorrupted by the resounding King James verses.) Now science has perfected the instruments of warfare. Let us hurry while there is yet time; let us point out that the Tablets of the Law were not even efficacious in their own day and needed endless emendation before they were useful; that the Commandments make no sense; that the Beatitudes are impractical; but first, last, and all the time let us hammer at the argument that the Bible *cannot* be God's Word, since it is not even about one God.

Mr. Shaw himself seems persuaded that he has made his case, but his incorrigible opponents are far more likely to think that he has simply proved that Moses was not Job, nor Job Micah. They may point out that although Mr. Shaw is not ineffable, yet Mr. Chesterton's Shaw would bear very little resemblance to the Shaw of Mr. Joad: Mr. Joad's Shaw would differ again from Lady Astor's and all these Shaws from Dr. McCabe's; and that still there remains something which even Mr. Shaw would admit was a reality and one Shaw.

No; *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God* is not Shaw at his best. It is very nearly Shaw at his worst. These obvious shockers of God as the Bogey Man and Christ as the conjuror; these he-and-she jokes about woman's last word; this labouring of metaphors till they become absurd (we must not pour our clean water in with the dirty, Mr. Shaw says, and pursues the figure till he almost corners himself in the recommendation that we should throw out practically every previous idea every time we come across a new one) will convince only the literal-minded; will persuade, one fears, only those metaphysical cripples who have never paused to wonder what the Devil it all means. DOROTHEA BRANDE

Mazzini and the Ethics of Politics

THIS biography* offers us a new evaluation of Giuseppe Mazzini. The author's aim is to make an exposition of the development of Mazzini's inner life as well as to give an account of his political activities in the final stages of the struggle for the unification of Italy. In his preface Mr. Griffith reminds us that Mazzini himself asserted that the future would prove whether he was a prophet or merely a dreamer. Pointing out that the reputation of no liberal thinker of the nineteenth century has worn so well, he recalls to us Woodrow Wilson's gesture of homage at Mazzini's grave and Lloyd George's eulogy of the Mazzinian vision of modern Europe. He claims that the verdict of history has justified Mazzini. That claim is true, perhaps in an even wider sense than Mr. Griffith intends.

Because Mazzini's thought developed very little after that period in 1836 when he suffered his dark night of the soul, almost a third of the book is devoted to the first thirty years of his life. Drawing largely from the rich Italian sources which have been recently uncovered, the author gives us a compact portrait of the young Mazzini against the background of the unquiet Italy of the first decades of the nineteenth century. Much of this section, especially where the early years of Mazzini are dealt with, is new to American readers.

Mazzini fled to London in 1837 and made his home

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*MAZZINI: PROPHET OF MODERN EUROPE by *Gwilym Griffith* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.00) there for thirty-four years. The Italian exile was to become the intimate of the Carlyles and the friend of such men as Toynbee, Swinburne, John Stuart Mill, and a host of others. He was to do a great humanitarian work among his compatriots in the London slums, to become a valued contributor to the leading English reviews, and to achieve a definite position in literary society. Unceasingly he was to devote himself to the task which he believed to be part of his life's mission, namely the liberation of his beloved Italy. All of which is succinctly told in this book.

Much of the political matter is familiar enough. What is new is the dramatic contrast which Mr. Griffith draws between Mazzini and Cavour. He represents Mazzini as the statesman and Cavour as the cheap and tricky opportunist. Insisting that it was Mazzini's iron obstinacy of purpose which was the anvil whereon Cavour beat out his national policy, he expresses the opinion that no reading of Risorgimento history can miss the fact that in the end, and several times before the end, it was Mazzini who forced Cavour's hand. His verdict is that the creative genius of the Risorgimento was Mazzini, the manipulative genius was Cavour.

Thus far so good. But the value of the book would have been enhanced if the author, instead of adhering so closely to the narrative style, had set forth in philosophical form the fundamental principles of the Mazzinian view of politics. For, as the late Professor Vaughan has shown in his *Studies in the History of Political Philosophy*, the political ideas of Giuseppe Mazzini possess an importance all their own and signify a definite advance in political science. Mazzini was no mere revolutionary, no mere Italian nationalist. He was an international man. His internationalism was not Cobden's internationalism of Trade, nor was it the Marxian internationalism of Labour. As for Communism, he denounced it eloquently and passionately as the negation of society and of the individual. He held it to be the last stage of materialism.

From the days of Locke, the philosophers of politics had divorced their science from the science of morals. Kant assumed it as axiomatic that the domain of politics was absolutely separated from that of morals, the former being concerned with Right and the latter with Duty. Fichte, especially in his earlier works, went even further. Hegel was the first to have any doubtings on the question but he never quite clarified his reasoning as to the relation betwen the concept of the individual and the concept of corporate life. Mazzini never had the slightest hesitancy on this point. He laid it down as a principle that, far from there being a distinction between the two, politics sprang from morals and was a part of it. Five centuries before Mazzini's day Aquinas, logically developing the thought of Aristotle, had stated the same thing.

In the ethical thought of scholasticism, obligation touches a man in every activity of his life. Aquinas taught that the science of morals is concerned with man in his individual life while the science of politics affects his existence as a member of the commonwealth in which he lives. Mazzini held something of the same thing. For him, ethics deals with the realization of the highest ideal of the individual; politics aims at deepening and widening the ideal of the community through the moral efforts of the individual. Aquinas saw social life as being necessary for the full development of the individual. Mazzini claimed that the enduring value of social life is to be sought in the guidance which it, and it alone, can offer to the individual in his moral life.

According to Mazzini, an unfaltering sense of duty is the only thing that can nerve and sustain the citizen. This consciousness of duty, he held, must spring from a belief in God. It is to be noted here that Mazzini's belief in God is not, as with Kant, to be derived from his belief in Duty. On the contrary, the Mazzinian gospel of Duty depends upon a belief in God. Yet Mazzini's theism is not easy to define. He was often called a pantheist, but he generally resented the charge. With the Latin genius for making distinctions he once wrote, in a letter to Lamennais, that really we are all pantheists in the Pauline sense since we believe that God is everywhere and in all things. But he claimed to believe in God as a causative intelligence superior to the created world. He expressly rejected Christianity, both in its Catholic and Protestant forms. His religion of the future was to be humanitarian, looking towards a social Incarnation. As he himself worded it, he looked for the expansion of Christ the Man into Christ the People.

His social philosophy opposed the various forms of the socialism of his day. He rejected Fourierists, St. Simonians, Owenites, and Communists because they based their appeal on the Benthamite principle that man has a right to happiness here below. He refused to believe that the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number could ever be a reasonable solution of the social question. Indeed, he held the social question to be essentially a moral question, which in his view meant that it was a religious question. The problem thus became one of education, of evangelization, of the spiritual discipline of the masses. All his hope for democracy was staked on its rescue from the irreligion and secularism of his day, and his lifelong aim was to found a democratic commonwealth which should be religious, alike in thought and action.

He made the prophecy that the map of Europe would be remade, that Austria would be destroyed, that monarchies would fall away, and that new republics would come into being. Because of his intense distrust of Marx and Engels, he could never have foreseen the rise of Soviet Russia; but he would never have accepted it as final, for he held a godless democracy to be foredoomed to failure. He certainly foresaw something of Fascist Italy, although he would have repudiated its aggressive nationalism. His Italy of the future would have been republican, a free nation ready to take its place in the work of the political reorganization of humanity.

When we recall the sufferings of his contemporary Italy, we need not wonder that, as a political realist, he resented monarchy and feared the rule of a privileged caste. But he had no abstract preference for any special form of government. "No form of government", he said, "is right *per se*." It was the historical moment that made him a republican just as it made him a revolutionary. Stripped of the merely ephemeral and denuded of all that was immediately conditioned by the passing circumstance, his gospel is concerned with the moral life of nations rather than with political forms. If we are seeking to realize today the ideals of world-coöperation and if we are working by the will-to-reconcile rather than by the will-to-conquer, it is because the nations have heard Mazzini's voice and are striving to live by his gospel. He constantly asserted that government is valid only in proportion as it follows righteous ends; and the supreme end of all, alike for individuals and nations and all humanity, was for him the translation of the brotherhood of Christ into terms of political life. CHAS. F. RONAYNE

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE AMERICAN REVIEW is founded to give greater currency to the ideas of a number of groups and individuals who are radically critical of conditions prevalent in the modern world, but launch their criticism from a "traditionalist" basis: from the basis of a firm grasp on the immense body of experience accumulated by men in the past, and the insight which this knowledge affords. The magazine is a response to the widespread and growing feeling that the forces and principles which have produced the modern chaos are incapable of yielding any solution; that the only hope is a return to fundamentals and tested principles which have been largely pushed aside. Fortunately, there is no lack of able men to represent this traditionalist point of view, although they have been forced to work in isolation from each other and have achieved nothing like the influence to which their stature entitles them. It should be obvious that a periodical aiming to bring these groups and individuals together is particularly needed in this country, where tradition took little root before it was overridden by the disruptive forces that are now threatening Western civilization. In Europe the spokesmen for sanity and order are more numerous and more solidly entrenched: they have built up such a weighty mass of indictment and prescription that they can be said to have their modernist foes already on the defensive. For this reason we shall frequently be drawing on European contributors, but the editorial emphasis will be directed to the needs of this country.

There will be no attempt in this first issue to draw up a "platform" of the magazine's policy—indeed, the magazine has no policy, strictly speaking, beyond that of providing an organ for writers who represent the direction described—nor even to state the views of the contributors whom it has enlisted and hopes to enlist: that must be the task of the magazine from issue to issue. But it will make our purpose clearer if we at least mention some of the men we have in mind. Most of our readers are probably already more or less familiar with the work of the American "humanists", Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, and their co-workers, who received considerable attention in the columns of this magazine's predecessor, *The Bookman*. The existence, at least, of their work has become widely known in recent years, but the substance of their profound analysis of modern society, their fresh application of tradition to psychology, ethics, politics, philosophy, religion, literature, has scarcely begun to penetrate contemporary opinion to its clearly destined extent. One main purpose of THE AMERICAN REVIEW is to carry on the work of *The Bookman* in making their contribution better known.

Another group on whom THE AMERICAN REVIEW hopes to draw extensively are the English "Distributists". The leaders of this group, Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton, are of course among the best known writers of the day, but their work in the field of economics has received amazingly little attention, considering the fact that they offer a carefully reasoned alternative to the Capitalist-Communist dilemma. Both men are represented in this issue of the magazine, so that we do not need to say more of their viewpoint here, beyond stating that we think there is nothing more important for those who are wrestling with the hideous and apparently hopeless economic conditions of the modern world than giving thoughtful consideration to their work.

Here in this country there is a group of writers who resemble the English Distributists in being able men of letters who have devoted considerable thought to economic problems; and they have arrived at conclusions closely related to those of the Distributists. The Southern Agrarians, as they have been called, published in 1930 a symposium, *I'll Take My Stand*, which drew general attention to their work. But in our opinion its importance as a contribution to economic problems was almost universally underestimated. Their drastic criticism of industrialism, their emphasis on agrarian life, and their praise for the ways of the old South, were dismissed as nostalgia and a hopeless attempt to return to the past. But this is a most superficial judgement of a deeply considered viewpoint that goes to the very heart of American history as well as of contemporary problems. It is becoming increasingly recognized that the Civil War was at bottom an economic war, the industrial North against the agrarian South; and it should be obvious that while the North won the victory for its way of life, it has spent seventy years in throwing the victory away, until now the industrialism for which it stood has come to the end of its resources and threatens to drag the world down in ruins about it. It is with no futile nostalgia that the Southern group turn to the old Southern ways: it is with a far more acute understanding of the modern dilemma than their critics, who are so limited by the narrow purview of our tottering carpet-bag civilization that they can recognize the merit of no solution that does not talk the shallow language of "planning" or the barbaric jargon of Marxism.

Like the Distributists—and, indeed, like the humanists, though they have devoted less attention to economics—the Southern Agrarians are aware that economic problems are really ethical problems, and that ethics are inseparable from philosophy and religion: the approach of both groups is through a rounded view of life. And if both groups, with their widely differing backgrounds, have arrived at essentially similar conclusions as to the only basis on which civilized living and liberty can be maintained, this confirmatory coincidence should lend emphasis to the need for studying their views with care. Two members of the Southern group, John Donald Wade and Donald Davidson, are represented in this issue. We hope to have contributions from others later.

A fourth group on whom THE AMERICAN REVIEW hopes to draw are the neo-scholastics, the men who are carrying on the Aristotelico-thomistic tradition in philosophy and applying it to modern problems. It is being increasingly recognized that they are the spokesmen for a body of thought which was far from exhausted by the little which the moderns salvaged from it when summarily rejecting it, and has much of value to contribute to present-day discussions.

These four groups are representative of the general point of view to which THE AMERICAN REVIEW is seeking to give composite expression. It will be observed that there are large differences among them, as is true also of others who have not been mentioned: T. S. Eliot, for example, whose position is familiar to most readers; the French writers, Ernest Seillière, Charles Maurras, Léon Daudet, Henri Massis; in England, Wyndham Lewis and Christopher Dawson. All these men, and others less well known who might be mentioned, differ sharply from one another, while at the same time having so much in common that they clearly represent one general direction in contemporary thought. It is one of the main purposes of this review to afford a place where these differences may be threshed out.

It should be added that while THE AMERICAN REVIEW aims at providing a forum for the views of these "Radicals of the Right", or "Revolutionary Conservatives", as they might be called, no effort will be made to have every contribution a part of the main program. On the contrary, few issues of the magazine will be lacking in at least one piece that is included on other grounds than its relation to ideas; there will be room as well for pure diversion and for pure scholarship. In regard to the latter, since the limits of length customary in monthlies will be disregarded, the magazine will in part be able to perform the function formerly belonging to the quarterlies; most quarterlies nowadays being indistinguishable from monthlies except by infrequency and bulk. We shall be able to avail ourselves of much good scholarly work that now goes unpublished or is relegated to the small audience of the learned journals.

In forthcoming issues there will be several more articles which, like Mr. Dawson's this month, afford a criticism of Communism. The conversion to Communism of a number of liberals in this country, and some also in England, will receive particular attention. Mr. Goad's survey of the Corporate State is the first of several articles on the inner workings of the present Italian government. The Fascist economics, in particular, which have received scant treatment by our universally liberal and radical press, are badly in need of sympathetic exposition. The rise of Hitler to power in Germany brings up still further aspects of the Fascist question which will be discussed. The scrapping of the parliamentary system in a growing number of European countries, paralleled by the drift toward increasing the power of the President in this country, especially in times of crisis, raises the whole question of the relative worth of monarchy and republicanism. The collapse of our economic system and the at least partial recession from our insanely top-heavy mechanism of production and distribution which must now take place gives pressing actuality to the matter of regionalism and decentralization, of federalism and its alternatives. On these and other political and economic subjects the collaborators of this review have much to say, from a point of view not current in the vast bulk of contemporary organs of opinion. But the essence of that point of view is the need for approaching these practical questions through morals and through philosophy and religion out of which morals grow. It is by discussions in these fields that THE AMERICAN REVIEW hopes to make a contribution toward bringing a measure of order and sanity into our national life.

Note to Bookman Subscribers: Volume LXXVI of *The Bookman* closed with the March issue, and indices are being sent to libraries as usual. The present number begins Volume I of *The Bookman's* successor, THE AMERICAN REVIEW.